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SELECT POEMS

OF

WIL. DUNBAR.

PART FIRST.

FROM THE M. S. OF

GEORGE BANNATYNE,

Published 1568.

CONSIDER IT WARILIE, KEDE AFFINER THAN ANIS,
WELL AT ANE BLINK SLIE POETRY NOT TANE IS.

GAVIN DOUGLASS.

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L I F E

O F

G A V I N D O U G L A S,

B I S H O P O F D U N K E L D (1).

GAVIN DOUGLAS, Author of the Poem of the PALICE OF HONOUR, and the celebrated Scotch Translator of the *ÆNEID OF VIRGIL*, was born either in the end of the year 1474, or in the beginning of the year 1475.

HE was third Son of Archibald fifth Earl of Angus, who is distinguished sometimes by the name of BELL THE CAT, in allusion to a well known historical Event in the Reign of James III, and sometimes by the name of the Great Earl of Angus. His mother was Elizabeth Boyd, daughter of Robert Lord Boyd, Lord high Chamberlain (2) of Scotland.

THE place of his birth is not certainly known. It might be the Castle of Douglas, In the shire of
a Lanerk ;

Lanerk; of Tantallan in East Lothian; of Dudhope in the neighbourhood of Dundee, and shire of Angus; or of Abernethy in the district of Strathern, and shire of Perth: in all which places the Earls of Angus had residence.

LITTLE is known concerning the first part of his Life. He was intended for the church, and it appeared, from the figure he afterwards made, that he had received a very liberal education.

BUT the education in Scotland at that time was variously conducted. Though there were two Universities, one of them at Glasgow, and the other at St Andrew's, yet many noblemen and others placed their sons in Monasteries, to be instructed by learned Monks; after which they were frequently sent abroad to attend in a foreign University, and to be still farther accomplished by acquiring an acquaintance with the manners of other nations.

HE is supposed to have entered into Priest's Orders, about the year 1496; and was then appointed Rector of the church of Hawick in Teviotdale (3). The barony of Hawick at that time belonged to James Douglas of Drumlanrig. The Earl of Angus, who had extensive estates in the forest of Selkirk and in the county of Roxburgh, was exercising jurisdiction as warden of the east and middle Marches (4). Our
Author

Author was there among his own kindred. And it must be owned, that the country in which he was situated, was, in many respects, admirably adapted to cherish his natural genius for poetry, and to call it into exertion.

BEFORE the year 1509, he was also appointed Dean or Provost of the Collegiate Church of St Giles in Edinburgh, which was a place of considerable dignity and profit (5).

It was, while in these his more humble situations, that he wrote his Poetical Works, which have transmitted his name with honour to posterity.

His tranquility began to be disturbed in the year 1513. Occurrences followed which forced him into public life, and were the means of involving him in the political contests of the times.

His two elder brothers, George Master of Angus, and Sir William Douglas of Braidwood or Glenberfie, were in the number of those illustrious persons, who, along with their sovereign, were killed in the battle at Flowdon, September 9, 1513.

THE old Earl of Angus, who had left the field before the commencement of the battle, when he heard of the fatal issue, retired to a religious house in Galloway,

loway, where he died of grief, in the beginning of the year 1514.

ARCHIBALD, son of the late Master of Angus, succeeded to the earldom ; a young nobleman, remarkable for the beauty of his person, and for his ambitious spirit.

QUEEN Margaret, who was then Regent of the kingdom, widow of king James IV, of Scotland, and daughter of king Henry VII, of England, encouraged his addresses. Without waiting for the general consent of the nation, they were married, August 6, 1514 (6).

It might have been expected, that our Author, because of his noble birth, his princely connections, and his own eminent talents, would have met with little or no interruption in his advancement to the highest offices in the church. But it was found to be otherwise. The influence of the Queen was greatly diminished in consequence of her marriage with the Earl of Angus. Her title to the regency was no longer generally acknowledged. And the rivalry for power among the nobles, especially between the families of Hamilton and Douglas, during the minority of king James V, divided the nation into parties, and was the occasion of a continued scene of misfortunes to our Author (7).

HIS

HIS ambition, however, naturally rose upon the marriage of his nephew with the Queen. It was suitable to their political purposes, that he should be speedily promoted to places of greater importance, and the present juncture seemed in some respects favourable.

FROM the time of the battle at Flowdon, in which the Archbishop of St Andrews, the Bishop of the Isles, the Abbot of Kilwinning, the Abbot of Inchaffray, and some other churchmen were killed, many of the great benefices had remained vacant. The Queen had presented qualified persons. But the disturbances excited by the disappointed candidates, still kept the places open, till the determinations of the Pope could be obtained, to whom all parties had their recourse.

THE Queen, August 5, 1514, which was the day preceding her marriage with the Earl of Angus, wrote a letter at Perth, to Pope Leo X, on the subject of the benefices. In the list of persons recommended by her, she mentioned Gavin Douglas, and requested that the Abbey of Aberbrothick, which was one of the richest in the kingdom, might be conferred upon him (8).

SHE again wrote a letter to the Pope, wholly in his behalf. "Master Gavin Douglas," said she, "is
a iii highly

highly acceptable to us. He is one of the first nobility in the kingdom, and is second to no person in learning and in virtuous life. He already, with æconomical power, presides in the Abbey of Aberbrothick : nor will his own family suffer him to be driven from it ; at least, if a superior force should prevail, much variance would be the consequence.

“ WE therefore very earnestly intreat, that this man, who is worthy not only of an Abbey, but of the highest authority, even of the Primacy of the kingdom, and of a greater than it, may have the government of the said Monastery, till he shall be endowed with a more ample Prelacy”(9).

AN opportunity of presenting him to the primacy of the kingdom quickly occurred. William Elphinston, Bishop of Aberdeen, who, probably because of his great age, had with the consent of all parties been appropriated to the see of St Andrew's, died October 25, 1514. The queen immediately recommended Gavin Douglas to the Archbishopric.

“ HE took possession,” says Buchanan, “ of the Castle of St Andrew's, relying on the splendor of his family, on his own virtue and learning, and on his having been nominated by the Queen.”

BUT she was unable to protect or maintain him in the possession, John Hepburn, Prior of the regular Carons

Carons of St Andrew's, having procured his own monks to elect him to the archbishopric, under the pretext of an ancient right which the monastery, in conjunction with the Caldees, once had enjoyed, expelled from the castle, the servants of Gavin Douglas, and fortified it with a strong garrison.

THE Queen and the Earl of Angus were filled with indignation, when they heard of the violence of John Hepburn. But he was encouraged and supported by some great men of the kingdom; and probably it proceeded from the request of our Author, whose delicate sense of the true dignity of the Ecclesiastical character was uncommon in the times in which he lived, that no violent efforts were used against the Prior.

SOME of the Popes had granted power to the sovereign princes in Scotland, to present within eight months to benefices above the yearly value of two hundred ducats (10). But often when the king was a minor, or when other pretences were furnished, the Popes resumed the power and acted as patrones.

LEO X. did so at this time. He set aside both the competitors who were contending for the see of St Andrew's.

ANDREW Forman, Bishop of Moray, in Scotland, and Archbishop of Bourges in France, was then at
Rome

Rome acting in his own behalf. The king of France and the Duke of Albany had solicited the Pope in his favour: and the Pope by his letter, dated at Rome, December 8, 1514, addressed to Queen Margaret and to the Council of Scotland, invested him with the gift of the Archbishopric of St Andrew's, of the Abbeyes of Dunfermling and Aberbrothick, and of all the other benefices which had belonged to the late archbishop (11).

THUS partly by violence, and partly by intrigue, our Author was disappointed both of the abbey and of the archbishopric (12).

GEORGE BROWN, Bishop of Dunkeld, died at his castle, in the Isle of Cluny, January 14, 1514—15. The Queen was then at Perth, with those lords of the council who were of her party. As she entertained but faint hopes of our Author obtaining the vacant see of St Andrew's, she, with the advice of these lords, presented him, in the king's name, to the vacant see of Dunkeld.

BUT there was already a competitor in that see. Bishop Brown's death was reported at Dunkeld before it had actually happened, and means were immediately employed to secure the suffrages of the chapter in favour of Andrew Stewart, Prebendary of the Church of Craig, in the shire of Forfar, and brother of the Earl of Athole.

HE

HE was not capable of being fully elected according to the Canon Law, because he had not yet arrived at the office of a sub-deacon. He was therefore postulated, as was customary in such a case, by the canons and prebendaries, and reference was made to the patron for confirmation.

THE Queen, to strengthen her authority, applied to the Pope. By the assistance of her brother king Henry VIII, she procured from Rome a Bull or Apostolical Decree in favour of Gavin Douglas.

BUT the interference of the Pope was far from being of use for some time. The political influence of the Queen and of her husband was daily declining. John Stewart Duke of Albany, grandson of king James II, and cousin of the late king, arrived in Scotland from France, May 10, 1515. The Earl of Angus either privately left the kingdom, or durst not publicly appear: and the parliament, which met at Edinburgh, July 12, declared the Duke of Albany Regent, and instated him in the full exercise of his office.

IN some former reigns, laws had been enacted against procuring or making use of presentations from the court of Rome, to such benefices as were in the king's gift. The offending persons, if they did not resign their benefices when required, were to be

be declared rebels and traitors, and to be punished with banishment, and with the proscription of goods.

THESE laws were generally disregarded. But they were made a handle of in the case of Gavin Douglas, who was too nearly related to the Earl of Angus not to feel the effects of the Regent's jealousy (13).

HE was therefore summoned to answer to the charge of transgressing the laws of the kingdom. The judges, according to the last parliamentary statute (14), were to be "the best and worthiest clerks of the realm". They were to report their judgment to the lords of the Privy Council. If the person tried was found guilty, the sentence was to be published in the name of the king and three estates, and the execution of it was to be committed to the Chancellor.

THE Chancellor, in the time of Gavin Douglas, was James Beaton, Archbishop of Glasgow, a partisan of the Earl of Arran; and who, probably, as a churchman, presided at the trial.

IT was not allowed as a sufficient defence of our Author that the Queen had presented him in the name of her son, because her title to the Regency had been disputed from the time of her second marriage. It would have been inconsistent with the honour of his character

character to renounce all right derived from her recommendation, as he and many others had continued to acknowledge her as Regent. And to relinquish his claim derived from the Pope's gift, he might reckon an offence against the authority of the church in such matters, and contrary to the sincerity which became him in the religion he professed.

“HE was found guilty,” says Miln, “of acting against the laws of the kingdom. He was banished by the unanimous voice of his judges; and the see of Dunkeld was declared vacant.”

THE sentence of his banishment, however, was not executed. If he had gone to England, he would have been well received by king Henry VIII, who was not displeased with his sister, for having married the Earl of Angus, and was highly dissatisfied with the late proceedings in Scotland. If he had gone to Rome, he might have watched the favourable opportunities of prevailing against his rivals in the church, and of obtaining benefices from the Pope, whose authority could not long be contested in Scotland, in the manner in which it now was. The Regent therefore, and Chancellor thought it most prudent that he should be sent to prison.

HIS trial seems to have happened early in July, 1515: and his imprisonment continued till August or September, 1516.

THE

THE first place of his confinement was the Castle of Edinburgh. Afterward he was conveyed to the Castle of St Andrew's, where he was committed to the care of Prior John Hepburn, his former antagonist in the archbishopric: from thence he was conveyed to the Castle of Dunbar, and again to the Castle of Edinburgh.

WHILE he was confined some events happened, the report of which would give him pain.

THE Queen, August 9, 1515, was in expectation of having the young king and his brother committed to her custody, by means of Alexander Lord Hume, whom the Regent had already disgusted. It appears to have been her resolution to carry her children with her into England. But her scheme being disappointed, she retired to England, August 12; whither Lord Hume, who was denounced a rebel, because of the assistance he had given her, also went; and where also the Earl of Angus, and some of his relations, took refuge (15).

IN the diocese of Dunkeld, Andrew Stewart, the postulate bishop, obtained the king's warrant from the Duke of Albany for levying all the rents of the bishopric. But the Dean of Dunkeld, George Hepburn, son of Sir Patrick Hepburn of Hales, adhered to

to the strictness of the Canon Law, and retained the tithes till the bishop should be confirmed.

MILN gives a good character of the Dean, according to the notions of religion entertained in those days, (16.)

NOT long after the commencement of the vacancy, the Dean was elected by the Chapter "Vicar general of Dunkeld, and official for the charge of souls." His piety was exemplary, and, notwithstanding his great age, he acted with zeal and with a considerable degree of vigour in the temporal, as well as in the spiritual concerns of the diocese.

HE met with trouble in endeavouring to promote the cause of our Author. In a court which he kept at Dunkeld, and to which he had called the tenants and vassals, he began to recommend the Queen's right, and the peace of the country.

BUT a person of the name of John, whose surname, Miln, out of tenderness conceals, and who acted as an agent for the postulate bishop, fired the great guns of the Castle or Episcopal Palace, at the house where the court was sitting, and threatened the Dean with immediate death if he did not cease from exercising his jurisdiction.

b

JOHN

JOHN was excommunicated for the disturbance he had given. But instead of obeying the sentence he came daily to the church, and frequently in company with Andrew Stewart.

“AT last,” says Miln, “Matters were brought to such an issue, that at Dunkeld there was a total stop put to the performance of divine worship. From St Nicolas’ day,” (December 5, 1515), “till Palm-sunday” (1516), “there was no attendance in the church, neither on fundays, nor on saints’ days; no vespers, no mattins, no stated service of the canons, and no mass of any kind.”

IN August or September, 1516, the affairs of our Author took a more favourable turn. By the mediation of king Henry VIII, an agreement took place between the Duke of Albany on the one part, and the Queen and Earl of Angus on the other, one of the articles of which agreement was, that Gavin Douglas should be set at liberty.

THE Chancellor, James Beaton, accommodating himself to this new turn of affairs, joined his influence in mediating a reconciliation between the Regent and Gavin Douglas, so that nothing should be allowed to hinder his settlement at Dunkeld.

THE

THE Chancellor invited him to Glasgow, where he himself performed the ceremony of consecrating him to the episcopal office ; and as he knew his funds were low, from the circumstances he had lately been in, he paid all the expences which attended the consecration, and gave him presents.

OUR Author, now Bishop of Dunkeld, proceeded from Glasgow to St Andrew's, which was the seat of his metropolitan. From thence he went to Dunkeld to be enthroned in his own Cathedral. The clergy and laity there received him with every testimony of affection. They accompanied him to the cathedral, where he gave them his blessing, and where the Pope's Bull, which once had occasioned him so much trouble, was published with the usual solemnities, at the great altar.

BUT the Castle, which was the Episcopal Palace, was occupied by the servants of Andrew Stewart : and the Bishop, not obtaining access there, lodged in the house of the Dean.

THE next day, the steeple or tower of the cathedral being also filled with Andrew Stewart's men, it was reckoned not safe for the Bishop to return to the church. He performed divine service in the Dean's house, where he also held his first chapterly meeting, in which the mutual oaths were administered.

b 2

AFTER

AFTER dinner, while he was advising with his friends about what course he ought to follow, whether he should send notice of his situation to the Regent, or whether he should go to the Regent in person, news was brought that Andrew Stewart was in arms, and coming to assist his servants in the palace. At the same time the great guns were fired at the Dean's house from the palace and from the steeple.

THE Bishop's company immediately prepared for his defence. Those of them whom Miln, who was upon the spot, mentions, were James third Lord Ogilvy of Airly, David Lindsay Master of Crawford, Colin Campbell of Glenorchy, (Chartres) Laird of Kinfauns, James Carmichael; George Hepburn dean of Dunkeld, Thomas Greig prebendary of Alyth, and many other churchmen.

WHILE they set themselves to oppose the progress of the prebendary of Craig, they sent messengers to inform the Bishop's friends in Angus and in other places of his situation. In consequence of which, a great number of people arrived at Dunkeld the next day, not only from the neighbouring country, but also from Montrose, and from the lower parts of Fyfe.

ANDREW Stewart, finding that there was a great multitude to oppose him, retired with his company
into

into the woods. His servants who still kept possession of the palace and steeple, were, after a little time, expelled partly by stratagem, partly by military force though without bloodshed, but chiefly by the terrors of excommunication.

THE pretence of Andrew Stewart was that the Regent had committed to him the keeping of these places, and that therefore he could not deliver them without the Regent's ample warrant.

HE and his brother the Earl of Athole went immediately to court to complain of the expulsion. The Bishop followed to justify his own conduct. "For some time," says Miln, "there were mutual accusations. However, by the wisdom of some of the counsellors, they agreed upon these terms, that Andrew Stewart should retain all the Bishop's rents he had received; and should also have the churches of Alyth and Cargill, upon condition of paying some chal-ders of victual to the Bishop," (17.)

THIS reconciliation may be supposed to have happened September 28, 1516, as the Duke of Albany's letter to the Pope concerning it is of that date.

THE letter was written in a strain remarkably submissive. Leo X, was a Patron of learned men, and an encourager of the fine arts. He was well informed

ed that Gavin Douglas bore in his own country a character of eminent learning and genius. It may therefore be presumed that he sincerely intended to favour the promotion of such a person ; and that the Duke of Albany was afraid of his being more ready on that account to resent the affront which had been offered to the Papal Authority.

THE complimentary expressions in the letter, when rendered into plain English, may appear ridiculous or offensive. But the following translation may not only shew the policy of the Regent in palliating what had happened, but may also still farther illustrate the character and history of our Author, whose acceptance of a Bull from the Pope was declared to be a crime no longer than was reckoned convenient.

“ To Leo X. Sovereign Pontiff.

“ Most blessed father, we are happy to kiss your feet.

“ SOME time since the church of Dunkeld became vacant by the death of George, it's late Pastor, who died at home. The President and Chapter, residing at Dunkeld at the time, postulated to the church as their pastor, though as to sacred matters they could not canonically elect, an illustrious man, Mr Andrew Stewart, by both his parents procreate of royal blood, son of the Earl of Athole, and powerful in those parts.

“ THEY

“THEY committed to his keeping and protection the Lands, Castles and Places belonging to the Bishopric, that by his authority the incursions of the Woodland people might be repelled.

“BUT your holiness, as was reported by the most Reverend Cardinal of Medicis, assumed to the church of Dunkeld Gavin Douglas; who by the frequent letters of your clemency to us, being at last reconciled to us, is now admitted to the possession of that church.

“LEST, however, any tumult or sedition should arise, we have persuaded the other, who under pretence of his being postulated held the forts and castles, to enter into an agreement, which, if confirmed by the authority of your Blessedness, would happily end the whole affair. What we therefore entreat at present is, that all defects of law and deed, and all errors being removed, the contract may be ordered to be observed.

“A more full relation will be made by the most Reverend Cardinal of St Eusebius.

“MOST Blessed Father, farewell. From Edinburgh, 28th day of the month of September, in the year of salvation, 1516,” (18.) (19.)

FROM

“FROM this time,” says Miln, “the church, and the whole province of Dunkeld enjoyed peace. The bishop, though he was loaded with debts, yet gave himself to good works. His first work was the bridge” (over the river Tay at Dunkeld),” one arch of which his predecessor had built, and his executors drove the piles for other two. Bishop Douglas continued the work; and upon his receiving two hundred and forty pounds from Bishop George’s executors, the work was so much brought forward that all foot people had an easy passage. His other good works, spiritual and temporal, I leave to the pens of the higher canons.”

THUS Abbot Miln finishes his account of Gavin Douglas, and also concludes his book of the Lives of the Bishops of Dunkeld. It was wrote by him while he was one of the lesser canons, and therefore before 1518, when he succeeded Patrick Panter as Abbot of Cambuskenneth: for he concludes his dedication to the bishop and chapter with these words, “Alexander Miln, an unworthy canon, official of Dunkeld and prebendary of Monedy, wishes joy and increase in godliness,” (20.)

IN 1517, the bishop of Dunkeld was one of those counsellors who were appointed to assist the Duke of Albany in negotiating a treaty with France. The
bishop

bishop and the other counsellors went for that purpose to France, May 13th, 1517; and the Duke, June 7th.

IN January, 1517—18, the bishop left France, and returned to his own country, bringing with him a subscribed copy of the treaty, which was called a renewal of the ancient league between the two nations, (21.)

JUNE 27th, 1518, he was employed in such matters of party, or of national concern, as required him to correspond with some persons in England. There is an original letter, subscribed by the bishop, of the date above-mentioned, in the Cotton Library, the contents of which are not yet publickly known, (22.)

HE seems, before the end of that year, to have gone into England: for Mr Pinkerton has told us that in the same library, “is a letter from Angus and others,” (of date, December 14th, 1518) “recommending the bishop to the king of England, to settle some points between them,” (23.)

HE was at Edinburgh, April 30, 1520, when a bloody contest happened on the streets of that city, between the followers of James Hamilton Earl of Arran, and the followers of the Earl of Angus.

THE

THE design of the Earl of Arran and his party was to seize the Earl of Angus, and, in all probability, afterward to put him to death.

AN active person on the side of Arran was James Beaton, Archbishop of Glasgow. His zeal for the enterprize prompted him to do what was not uncommon among the churchmen in his time, but which the frequency of the practice could not render honourable in any of their profession: he put on a suite of armour, which however he concealed under his canonical habit, with a resolution personally to assist his party.

THE bishop went to him, and entreated him to join, as a churchman, in mediating a peace between the two Earls. Upon his refusing to meddle in the affair, the bishop could not help insinuating a suspicion of his being an instigator in the animosity which then subsisted, and of his being privy to a dangerous design.

THE archbishop thought proper to assert his innocence, and to appeal to the peace of his own conscience. In doing so, he clapped his hand, inadvertently, with some violence, upon his own breast, which made the iron plates of the armour to give a rattling sound.

THE

THE bishop was surpris'd at the discovery, and felt a becoming indignation, "My Lord," said he, "I perceive your conscience clatters," (24.)

WHEN his efforts with some other persons had proved ineffectual, he retired with grief to his own house (25), where he employed himself in such acts of devotion as were suitable to the danger his friends were in. But he allowed his servants to use their arms in the defence of the Earl of Angus.

ANGUS and his party were attacked, and came off victorious. Seventy two persons of the opposite party were killed, some of them men of considerable rank. The archbishop, who had been personally engaged, and who, as Buchanan expresses it, "flew about in armour as a fire-brand of sedition," narrowly escaped: he was taken from behind the high altar in the Black-friers church, to which he had fled for shelter, and owed the preservation of his life to the intercession of Gavin Douglas, (26.)

IN November, 1521, the party, which was headed by the Earl of Arran, so entirely prevailed, that prosecutions were commenced against the Earl of Angus, and against many of his friends. The bishop thought it most prudent to retire into England. In the Cotton Library, "are instructions for him from Angus and others, to implore the King of England's aid

aid against Albany the governor," dated, December 14, 1521 (27). He resided in London, where he endeavoured to relieve his mind with the conversation of some learned men.

BUT two events occurred, one of which tended to embitter to him the place of his residence, and the other to increase the animosity of his enemies at home in their procedure against him.

THE first was the war which now broke out between Scotland and England. He thereby found himself resident in an enemy's country; a circumstance, which was not only disagreeable to himself, but which was also represented to his disadvantage in the Scottish court.

THE other was the vacancies of the See of St Andrews, and of the Abbay of Dunfermling, which happened by the death of Andrew Forman in the beginning of the year, 1522.

THE eager expectant of these benefices was James Beaton, who not only as Archbishop of Glasgow, but also as chancellor of the kingdom, had much influence in all public affairs. The rival whom he most dreaded was the bishop of Dunkeld: he therefore exerted his utmost endeavours either to disappoint him, or to accomplish his ruin.

THERE

THERE is some ground to believe that the Bishop of Dunkeld was not without hopes of obtaining these benefices from the Pope, by means of the emperor, and of the king of England, and that he had formed a resolution of going to Rome personally to solicit the preferments, or at least to remain there till he could safely return to his own country.

IN the mean time a Process in Scotland was carrying on against him in his absence; the nature and issue of which appeared in a Proclamation at Edinburgh, February 21st 1521—22; which was made in the name of the King of Scots, and ordered in the presence of the Regent, with the advice of the Lords of Council, and of the three Estates of Parliament.

THE particulars were, “that Gavin, Bishop of Dunkeld, not only without the permission of the Regent and three Estates, but even contrary to the Regent’s express command had entered England. That he was intending to remain there, to the betraying of this Kingdom, as might be conjectured from manifest tokens. That he was joining himself to the hostile English, even after war had been declared. By which doings he had fallen into the crime of Treason, according as it was defined in the Acts of Parliament.

“THEREFORE, for the discouragement of Conspiracies and Rebellions, it was enacted that the Vicar
c General

General of St Andrews, Ordinary of the foresaid Bishop, should go to Dunkeld, there to sequestrate the Revenues of the Bishopric: And that no person whatever, under pain of treason, should furnish money or other means of support to the Bishop, or inform him by letters or messengers of any thing that was passing."

In the same Proclamation, it was declared, by the three Estates, "that letters from the King and the Regent should be sent to their sacred Lord the Pope, lest, contrary to the privileges of the kingdom formerly granted by the Sovereign Pontiffs, he should assume or commend the foresaid Gavin to the Archbishopric of St Andrews, to the Abbey of Dunfermling, or to either of them, to the great injury of the commonwealth.

"Also That these letters might not be reckoned by the Pope to proceed from private picque against Gavin, or from partial favour to any other person, the three Estates were to send supplicatory letters to the same effect: and all the letters were to be authenticated by the great seal of the Sovereign Lord the King," (28).

So much afraid was James Beaton of Gavin Douglas obtaining the vacant benefices, that he himself wrote a letter from Edinburgh, April 8th, 1522, to Christiern II, King of Denmark, in which he besought that

that King to command his ministers at Rome to endeavour to dissuade the new Pope, Adrian VI, from recommending Gavin Douglas.

“It is my duty,” said he, “to write in this manner because of my office as chancellor. For Gavin is undermining the liberties of this kingdom. He is acting contrary to its most ancient establishments, and to the privileges granted to our kings by the Sovereign Pontiffs. Without having received letters from the king or from the Regent, nay, by means of our enemies, the most august Emperor and the King of England, he is making interest with the apostolical see for the Archbishopric of St Andrews, and for the monastery of Dunfermling, which are the chief Ecclesiastical seats in the kingdom,” (29).

BUT at the time when this last letter was written, Gavin Douglas had got beyond the power of all his enemies, and was removed from all contraversies about earthly promotions. The plague raged at London, which proved fatal to him, about the end of March or the beginning of April, 1522, not long after he had completed the forty seventh year of his age.

IF he had lived till the Earl of Angus came again into power, he would, no doubt, have been restored with honour to his native country. But whatever preferments he might have attained, the revolutions

in the administration of affairs in Scotland were frequent, and so violently carried on ; and his connexion with the Earl of Angus was so incapable of being dissolved, whose ambition and arbitrary proceedings became intolerable to the king and to the whole nation, that he must still have been exposed to many troubles, (30).

THOMAS Halfay, Bishop of Leighlin in Ireland, died at London nearly about the same time with our Author. They were both interred in the Hospital Church of the Savoy. It is to be hoped that their monumental stone is still to be seen. After the inscription for the Bishop of Leighlin, the following words were added,

*“ Cui, Lævus, Conditur, Garwinus,
Douglas, Scotus, Dunkelden, Præful,
Patria, Sua Exul. 1522,”* (31).

At the left side of whom, is buried Gavin Douglas, a Scotchman, Bishop of Dunkeld, an exile from his native country, 1522.

JOHN Lesly, Bishop of Ross, says of him, “ If he had not mixed himself in the national tumults, he would have been truly worthy of being consecrated or immortalized in the books and memory of all persons, on account of his poignant wit, and singular erudition.”

BUT

BUT considering the high opinion entertained of his abilities, and the friends who demanded his support, whom he could not desert without the imputation of selfishly consulting his own tranquillity, it was not possible for him to avoid being entangled in the public affairs, unless he had retired from the world altogether; which in his circumstances he could not have done without assuming, and strictly adhering to the rules of the monastic life.

BUCHANAN, though no popish bishop as Lesly was, and to whom no one will impute a partiality in favour of the Romish clergy, speaks of him in more honourable terms, "Gavin Douglas," says he, "left among good men a high relish of his virtue. Beside the splendor of his birth, and the graceful dignity of his person, he was possessed of the various kinds of literature which were cultivated in the times in which he lived, of the strictest temperance, and of a singular moderation of mind. In turbulent affairs, and amidst adverse nations, he preserved his faithfulness unshaken, and was held in esteem. He left behind him excellent monuments of his genius and learning, written in his native tongue."

ALSO Abbot Miln, who, being one of his own canons, had the best opportunities of knowing him in his private character and in the government of his see, when speaking of him says, "He was instructed

in all divine and human learning.—A man of genius, of great skill in Divinity, and in the Canon Law.” —“ On the day of his installation at Dunkeld, the Clergy and Laity joined in praising God for giving them so noble, so learned, and so decent a Bishop.”

It does not appear certain that he wrote upon any of the subjects of Theology. His book, to which he gave the title of “*Auræ Narrationes*,” or Golden Histories, but which does not seem to be now extant, might possibly contain something of that kind.

THE account which he appears to give of it in his epistle to Henry Lord Sinclair, is, that it expounded “*strange Histories, and uncommon terms*.” From which it may be conjectured, that, like Lord Verulam’s book “*of the wisdom of the ancients*,” it contained a moral and religious explanation of the tables of antiquity.

BUT his genius led him chiefly to Poetical composition, in which, it is not to be doubted, he indulged himself very early. He took pleasure in rural description, and in relating heroic achievements; and as he had a particular fondness for his vernacular language, he may be supposed to have been the Author of some of the pastoral and heroic ballads, or celebrated songs of his time, though he did not formally acknowledge them.

THE

THE first Poetical piece of any consequence which he thought proper to own, was his translation of Ovid's Book "De Remedio Amoris." His translation probably was printed; but no copy of it is supposed to remain.

It has been conjectured, from what has been suggested perhaps from no unquestionable authority (32), that he found the exercise of translating this book necessary to cure him of a youthful attachment, which according to the Rules of the Popish church he could not continue in a consistency with his view of entering into holy orders.

He seems indeed to allude to the Law of Celibacy in his last adventure at the Palace of Honour. The habitation of the honourable Ladies was surrounded by a deep ditch. When he attempted to pass over by the narrow Bridge by which, no doubt, he meant the ceremony of marriage, he fell into the water, and awaked from his dream.

IN 1501, when he was about twenty seven years of age, he wrote his allegorical Poem of the Palace of Honour. He dedicated it to King James IV, whom Erasmus in one of his adagies, commends as a Prince endowed "with great quickness of genius, and with universal knowlege." The allegory is of that mixed kind which introduces ideal persons with such as are real,
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and the Greek and Roman mythology with sacred History. The Author, in a vision, finds himself in a wilderness, where he sees troops of persons travelling to the Palace of Honour. They are severally described by him. He then joins himself to the train of the muses, and in their company proceeds to the happy place.

He displays great powers of invention. The Poem abounds not only with moral lessons, but with lively and picturesque descriptions : and the language, tho' it may now appear barbarous to many, because of its obsolete words and seeming deficiencies in construction, is artfully compiled and wonderfully expressive.

It has been several times printed. A copy of the best edition, which was printed at Edinburgh in 1579, has been preserved in the Advocates Library ; and from it the Morisons, Booksellers in Perth, were allowed to give their Edition.

ANOTHER of Gavin Douglas' youthful performances was his "*Comœdiæ Sacræ*." To turn pieces of sacred History into Dramatic Poems, and to represent them on the stage, continued to be the fashion long after our Author's time. Buchanan's compositions of this kind were conducted with decency. They were suitable to the dignity of the subjects, and to the characters of the persons he introduced. But oft-times absurd circumstances mingled in such compositions.

WE

We know not how our Author's performance was conducted, as no copy of it is supposed to remain.

A discovery has lately been made of another Poem ascribed to our Author, and to which the title has been given of "King Hart." Mr Pinkerton found it in Sir Richard Maitland of Lethington's manuscript collection of Scottish Poetry, now in the Pepysian Library at Cambridge. He has favoured his country with the publication of it, and of some other Poems from that same collection. Maitland believed it to be the work of our Author, as appears from his affixing the words "Quod Maister Gawin Douglas Bishop of Dunkeld."

It contains an allegorical description of the different stages of man's life ; and leaves upon the mind of the reader a melancholy conviction of the folly of those persons who, having yielded themselves to the dictates of pleasure, are thereby resigned to the invading infirmities of old age, and find cause to be afraid at the approach of death.

BEFORE the time of its being inserted by Sir Richard Maitland in his collection, which could not be sooner than the year 1555, it is possible some expressions were altered, or interpolations introduced, which the Bishop would not have approved.

IN

IN imitation of the wit or pleasantry of the Latin, and more especially of the Greek Poets, our Author affected to think that he had given great offence to Venus, not only by his translating Ovid's book "of the cure of Love," but also by his having uttered a bitter complaint, or hypochondriacal invective against her in the first part of his Poem of the Palace of Honour.

HE represents himself in that Poem as rescued from her resentment by the muses. And when he saw her again on his arrival at the Palace, she gave him a book, viz. Virgil's *Æneid*, which she commanded him to translate. He promised to obey her command and took his leave of her.

TO this he refers in his Epistle to Lord Sinclair, when presenting to him the translation of the *Æneid*, in which he speaks to the following purpose,

"I have fulfilled the Promise which I made to Venus about twelve years ago, as my Palace of Honour witnesseth. I then undertook to translate Virgil's volume of her son *Æneas*. My Lord, it was at your command that I compiled this work in our vulgar tongue: Yet allow Dame Venus to have her compliment,

"Whom to, some time, ye were an servand true."

A

A very amiable character of this nobleman is given by him in his first Prologue or preface to the *Æneid*, where he speaks to the following effect.

“ I engaged to translate this most excellent book at the request of a renowned Lord, Henry Lord Sinclair, an illustrious Baron of noble ancestry, the father of books, the protector of science and learning. Divers times, with pressing arguments, he prayed me to translate Virgil and Homer. Being nearly related to him in blood, I regarded his request as a command. What person that has any courtiesy in his mind, can gainsay a Lord so kind and gentle? beside his natural politeness of manners, his humanity, his courage, his chivalry, and freedom of spirit, he takes as great delight in collecting, and reading books, as ever king Ptolomy II, did.”

ABOUT six weeks after the translation of the *Æneid* was finished, Henry Lord Sinclair, who was the Mæcenas of his times in Scotland, was killed at the battle of Flowdon. Our Author lost in that same battle not only his two elder brothers, and the king his Patron, but also many other friends. Two hundred gentlemen of the name of Douglas are said to have been killed. The national and particular losses which our Author felt on that sad occasion, might incline him to compose some pieces of Elegiac Poetry. But if he composed any, none of them are now known as having been acknowledged by him.

HE

HE had said in his Epilogue to the *Ænied*, that his muse ever afterward should be wholly contemplative and solitary as a bird in a cage. That he had attained the summit of man's Life, or the half of three-score years and ten, and was now descending on the other side. Therefore, said he,

“ Here I resigne up younkeries observance,
And will direct my labours evermore,
Unto the commonwealth, and Goddis Gloir.”

YET it may be conjectured that he was the Author of that celebrated Elegiac song, which describes the devastation occasioned by the battle of Flowdon, in that part of the country with which he had long been well acquainted (33.)

HE began to translate the *Æneid*, January 1511—12; and finished his translation of it, and of the supplementary book of Mapheus, on the Feast day of St Mary Magdalen, viz, July 22d 1513.

BUT he was closely employed in the work only sixteen months: For during two months it lay by him untouched, on account of some matters of great and serious consequence in which he was occupied (34). This he mentions as an apology, if his work should be thought subtle and obscure, and not so pleasant as it ought to be. Yet he beseeches that neither his rhymes, nor any of his words may be altered.

To

To each of the books of the *Æneid*, and to Mæpheus' supplement, he prefixed a Prologue. Some of these Prologues have been greatly admired for their moral tendency, and their luxuriance of description. The Prologue to the 12th book, which contains the description of a morning in May, has been happily translated into modern English by a Scotch Poet, the late Jerom Stone.

OUR Author divided each, book of the *Æneid* into chapters, and prefixed to each chapter a Poetical title narrating the contents.

LESLEY mentions the high opinion he entertained of our Author's translation. "He hath rendered," says he, "our language illustrious by many monuments of his erudition. Among these this proof of his genius is by far the most excellent, that he gave us the *Æneid* of Virgil in our common Idiom, with such dexterity, that each line of Scotch answers to one of Latin; with such energy of phrase, that they who understand it will admire the hidden force of our language: and with such success, that the honour conferred on the ancient Poets cannot easily be compared with the praise which he deserves in this way of writing: For in so much as our language is rough, and destitute of that copiousness which recommends the Latin, the praise of Douglas is the more illustrious. In his translation of Virgil the

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sweetness

sweetness of the verses, and the gravity of the sentences have been preserved ; he hath clearly explained the significations of the words, and given the full strength of almost every period. And all this was done by him in the space only of eighteen months," (35).

LESLEY, however, seems to have wrote from memory, and had forgot when he said that only one line of Scotch was given for one of Latin.

A great part of the language of the translation is now obsolete, and the delicacy of pronouncing it is consequently lost. The polish of Virgil's Verses cannot therefore be easily perceived in it. But such persons as will take a little trouble in becoming acquainted with the glossary will be convinced that Gavin Douglas fully saw and felt the beauties of his Author ; that he was careful not to omit any of them, and has improved some of them with considerable judgment ; they will find that every thing proceeds so freely, is so strongly imagined, and so naturally expressed as to give his work the superior excellence of not only captivating their attention in a pleasing manner, but of making them ready to forget that they are reading a translation.

THOUGH he loved his vernacular language, yet he again and again called it barbarous. He wished to
soften

soften and enlarge it. His purpose was to write as he had learned to speak when he “was a page,” which means when he was a boy: yet he determined not altogether to neglect the southern dialect, and thought it best to pronounce some words as his English neighbours did. He declared that, rather than remain silent, through the scarcity of Scottish words, he would use bastard Latin, French, or English, which he reckoned he might do as lawfully, as the Latin writers of old made use of some Greek terms.

His ambition was that Virgil’s book should be read by every nobleman and gentleman in Scotland, and that “unlettered folks should know, what learned clerks only had been able to comprehend.”

MARPHUS Vegius, a native of Italy, who was almoner to Pope Martin V, and who died in 1458, was reckoned a happy imitator of Virgil’s style. Some of his countrymen gave him the commendation of his being the best of all the Poets who had appeared in a thousand years, Petrarch, who had wore the Laurel, not excepted.

His Works were much read in the time of our Author. His supplementary book to the *Æneid* has been often printed with Virgil’s works; and our Author, in order to complete the story of *Æneas*, has given a translation of it.

THE last work of Gavin Douglas was a history of Scotland. He did not live to finish it ; at least if he wrote all that he intended, it was only a summary, beginning with an account of the origin of the Scotch nation.

NOTHING more is known concerning it than what may be learned from the following relation which was given by Polydore Virgil.

“ GAVIN Douglas Bishop of Dunkeld, a Scotchman and a man of the highest nobility and virtue, came into England, I know not for what cause. When he heard that I had long been employed in writing a history, he came to visit me, and we contracted a friendship. He afterwards very earnestly requested that in any account I should give of the affairs of Scotland I would not follow a history which had been lately published by a certain Scotchman. He promised to send in a few days a small commentary, which would be of use to me in that part of my work. This he accordingly did ; and the first thing I found in the commentary, was an account of the very ancient origin of that nation,” (36).

POLYDORE inserts, seemingly in our Author's own words, the well known story of Gathelus and Scota: A story, which was generally believed, but which
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had been treated as a fable by John Major, who published his history of Scotland in April, 1521.

He then goes on to say of our Author, that, "he was a man truly honest, and attached to no opinion farther than he saw reasons to support it. But I was not," says he, "allowed long to enjoy my friend: For in that same year, 1521" (1522)," he was carried off by the Pestilence."

POLYDORE Virgil, who was an Italian, had been long in England, where he had obtained an Arch-Deaconry. He had wrote a letter at London, December 13th, 1509, addressed to King James IV, in which he acquainted that king of his design of writing a history of England, and as far as possible a history of the whole Island.

"The Island," said he, "is one, and my intention is, as I go on in my history, to mention the affairs of Scotland, which are evidently illustrious: But this I cannot do in a regular order, as I have no writer whom I can follow. I have often spoken to Sir Gilbert, your Majesty's Chaplain, and urged him to give me even but the names of the Kings of Scotland, that I might put them in their due places in my history. But hitherto I have not succeeded.

“ I now therefore beseech your Majesty, who knows no less how to do than to say a good thing, that you would condescend to transmit annals if there be any, or the names of the kings written in their order, and chiefly that you would instruct me in your own illustrious actions, or in what you may afterwards perform, all which I will insert in my work.

“ I have not indeed genius or learning sufficient to display properly the affairs of your Majesty’s kingdom. This however undoubtedly will be done, that they shall lose nothing of honour or ornament by any unskilfulness or neglect of mine, for your Majesty shall be able to discern where the work has been touched by the hand of the Sovereign,” (37).

It does not appear that his request was granted. The king of Scots might wish rather to patronize a writer of his own nation, and in whom he could place more confidence, than in one who was principally to write of the affairs of England. But it is probable that the want of a complete History of Scotland became at this time, more than formerly, a subject of general complaint, and that some persons began to turn their attention to the means of supplying that deficiency.

BISHOP Elphinston’s book was perhaps written before this time. But that respectable person was now
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in his extream old age. His book was not printed, and is said to have contained little else than a copy of Fordun's Chronicle, which yet lay in the monasteries unpublished.

THE publication of Major's history gave offence to Gavin Douglas, and to some others of the Scotch nation : and it is scarcely to be doubted but that Gavin Douglas, if he had lived longer and had not still been involved in troublesome affairs, would have written a complete History.

THE summary or specimen he gave does not seem to have been printed. It would appear that he carried the manuscript with him when he fled into England, and that at the time of his death it was in the hands of Polydore Virgil.

IF it was in the possession of that writer, its fate may be apprehended from what Bishop Nicholson relates in his English historical Library, and seemingly from the very best authority, that " Polydore Virgil, to prevent the discovery of the faults in his history, committed as many ancient, and manuscript histories to the flames, as a waggon could hold."

No reflexion is necessary to be made on so base and desperate an action. The mere recital is sufficient to expose it to the most indignant feelings of the human mind, (38).

NOTES

N O T E S

AND

R E F E R E N C E S.

(1). N. B. A brief account of Gavin Douglas is to be found in the History of the Lives of the Bishops of Dunkeld, written in Latin by Alexander Miln, prebendary of Monedy and official of Dunkeld, afterward Abbot of Cambuskenneth and president of the Court of Session. Miln dedicated his book to Gavin Douglas, who was Bishop at the time, and to the Chapter of the Diocese.

It has not yet been printed. But the original manuscript has been preserved in the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh, and authenticated copies are to be met with in some other libraries.

A translation of it into English was made some years ago by a gentleman of distinguished accuracy and learning, a few copies of which, in manuscript, have been dispersed.

A pretty large account of the Life and Writings of Gavin Douglas is prefixed to that accurate Edition of his translation of the *Æneid*, which was published at Edinburgh, in 1710. The Editors seem to have taken notice of almost all the particulars that can be known concerning him.

Doctor George M'Kenzie, who probably had been one of the principal compilers, inserted their account, with some small variations, in the second volume of his *Lives of the Scotch Writers*, published at Edinburgh, in 1711.

(2). Crawford's *Lives of the Officers of State*, p. 315.

(3). N. B. M'Kenzie, Crawford, Keith, and others have wrote that Gavin Douglas was Rector of the Church

Church of Heriot, which is in Mid Lothian. The authority they refer to is Miln's M. S. in the Advocates' Library. But that M. S. has lately been consulted, and the word there is found to be "Hawick." Some person formerly having carelessly read or transcribed the name of the place, seems to have been followed by others in his mistake. In the translation already mentioned the mistake was happily avoided.

(4). N. B. George fourth Earl of Angus, and Archibald his successor the father of Gavin Douglas, bore the titles of Earl of Angus, Lord of Abernethy, Liddisdale, Jedward Forest, and Douglas. They were both of them also wardens of the East and Middle Marches between Scotland and England. The lands called Douglas Burn, and others, in the Forest of Selkirk belonged to them; also the lands of Liddisdale, and other extensive estates in the county of Roxburgh. George, fourth Earl of Angus, succeeded to the lands and Lordship of Douglas, in 1457, upon the forfeiture of James the last Earl of Douglas. See Crawford and Douglas' Peerages: and Hume's Hist. of the Douglasses, Edition. 1644.

(5). Keith's Scotch Bishops. p. 57. Spot. Relig. Houses, p. 286.

(6). N. B. According to the M. S. History of the Drummonds, written by William first Viscount of Strathallan, the marriage ceremony between Queen Margaret and the Earl of Angus was performed in the parish church of Kinnoul, by the Earl's near relation, John Drummond, Dean of Dunblane and Parson of Kinnoul.

They were married not fully eleven months after the death of King James IV, the queen's first husband.

(7). N. B. Not being possessed of a Latin copy of Miln's M. S. I am obliged to quote from the translation, the fidelity of which is however unquestionable.

What he writes of the queen's second marriage, and of it's consequences is as follows.

"It happened about this time that Queen Margaret, Henry the 8th's sister, whom the late king had left guardian to his son, and who for some time had been

been owned as such, married Archibald, Earl of Angus, without advising with the great men of the kingdom. Upon this there was a convention of the states at Dunfermling, who declared that she had forfeited her right; and the illustrious John Duke of Albany was unanimously chosen Regent, and guardian to the young king.

“ Yet after all, the Earl of Angus had such interest, that many men of great rank stood by the queen; but the rest were against her, the leaders of whom were the Chancellor James” (Beaton) “ Archbishop of Glasgow, and Alexander Lord Hume.

“ From these divisions powerful factions arose; but as the queen was on the spot, she endeavoured that no office should be disposed of without her consent.”

To what the Abbot has said, the following particulars may be added still farther to illustrate the state of parties at that time.

John Stewart Duke of Albany was first cousin to the late king. He was immediately upon the king's death, proposed for the Regency. But it was objected that he was a native of France, and that being a stranger in Scotland, he was unacquainted with the language and circumstances of the country.

James Hamilton, Earl of Arran, claimed the Regency, as next in blood after the Duke of Albany. But the other nobles opposed him, as they were afraid of his ambitious designs if he should obtain such an increase of power.

The queen prevailed against both the candidates. She pled the will of the late king in her favour, and the nearness of her relation to the young king as her own son.

James Beaton, who besides being Archbishop of Glasgow, was Chancellor of the kingdom, was the most powerful and active friend of the Earl of Arran. In all church matters especially, which because of the richness of the benefices were objects of singular attention, he aimed at the chief direction.

Alexander Lord Hume had long enjoyed the office
of

of Great Chamberlain, and for some time was at the head of the party which favoured the Duke of Albany.

The Queen's alliance with the Earl of Angus excited the jealousy of the Earl of Arran, who set himself more than he had formerly done to oppose the power of the family of Douglas.

(8). *Epistolæ Regum Scotorum*. v. i. p. 199.

(9). *Ibib.* p. 183.

(10). *Ibib.* p. 197.

(11). N. B. After the Duke of Albany was come to Scotland, and instated in the Regency, Andrew Forman, in a conformity to the temporal laws of the kingdom, resigned into his hands all the benefices he had received from the Pope. He was allowed to retain the archbishopric of St Andrews and the Abbey of Dunfermling: but his other benefices were disposed of to different persons. His commendatorship of the Abbey of Aberbrothick was given to James Beaton Archbishop of Glasgow. *Less. Hist.* L. 9.

(12). Buchanan. L. 13. C. 44. *Less.* L. 9. *Epist. Reg. Scot.* v. i. p. 197, 267.

(13). N. B. George Brown, the Predecessor of Gavin Douglas, had met with some trouble for having been guilty of the like offence.

He was at Rome, in 1484, where Pope Sixtus IV, conferred upon him the Bishopric of Dunkeld then vacant, and he was immediately consecrated at Rome by the Pope's order. But in the mean time another churchman, in Scotland, had obtained the royal favour, viz, Dean Alexander Inglis, clerk to the Privy Council of King James III, who was elected at Dunkeld much in the same precipitate manner in which Andrew Stewart afterwards was.

The King complained of what the Pope had done, as an incroachment upon his privilege. He sent remonstrances to Rome, but without effect. George Brown was immediately declared by the King and States, a traitor and rebel; and after he came home it was with difficulty the King was reconciled.

Yet Bishop Brown was so far from repenting of the
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the unlawful manner of his promotion, that when he made his last will, in 1514, he bequeathed to his successor, who ever he should be, in the event of his being nominated by the Pope, the whole Household Furniture of his palace at Dunkeld, which Abbot Miln observes had been all purchased by Bishop Brown himself, for that at his accession, the Palace was destitute of Furniture of every kind. Miln M. S.

(14.) James 4. Parl. 1. C. 4.

(15.) Miln M. S. Less. Hist. Lib. 9.

N. B. King James V, was at this time not much above two years of age, having been born April 11, 1512. His brother, Alexander Duke of Ross, was born April 30, 1514, which was about seven months after the death of his father. The Title of Ross was usually given to the second sons of the kings of Scotland; and Lessly, or the transcriber of his History, committed a mistake in calling this young Prince by the name of the Duke of Rothsay.

(16.) N. B. Miln, when giving an account of the brethren of the Chapter at Dunkeld, says, "The first who claims our notice is the dean, who is still alive. His life is a mirror to all the deans in the kingdom, against which the enemies of the church cannot prevail. At eleven o'clock, he caused Mass to be celebrated, by certain vicars of the quire, every day at the altar of the blessed Virgin.

"Besides his daily charity, he once every week caused a boll of meal to be distributed among certain poor men belonging to the city of Dunkeld. In the time of a great famine, he caused make pottage to be given in abundance to every poor man who begged, and this was to be done whether he was at home or not.

"When it was his turn to wait on the Cathedral, he suffered no solicitation of his friends to persuade him to be absent; and when at Dunkeld he was always at high Mass. On other days he directed the quire at morning, noon, and evening prayers. And what is more, during the whole time of Lent, he was never absent from the prayers said at midnight. He

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was

was a good man himself, and chose to give an example of devotion to every other person."

(17). N. B. As Miln's Book has not hitherto been printed, large extracts from it may not be unacceptable, especially an Extract of the whole of what relates to Gavin Douglas.

"When Bishop George", (says Miln), "was dying, the report at Dunkeld was that he had been already dead. There was there at that time, the illustrious father of his country, John Earl of Athole, son of Earl John, who was brother to King James II.

"The Earl called the canons, and requested of them to make choice of his Brother Andrew, Prebendary of Craigie, and in the mean time to put the Episcopal Palace in his possession. Some of the canons were his relations, and others were afraid for themselves and their effects, therefore they agreed without delay to grant all that was desired.

"After the Bishop's funeral, they met in the chapter house, and appointed a day for the election, and ordered a public edict to be read for calling together the absent canons. Upon which day, by the Earl's interest, Andrew Stewart, though not yet in full orders, was unanimously made choice of for the office, and recommended for confirmation.

"This affair went the more easily, because the Earl was very powerful, and could defend every body belonging to the church from plunderers of every kind.

"Notice of this transaction was sent to France, to John Duke of Albany, lately appointed regent. But he refused to meddle with the great church benefices till he should come to Scotland.

"He landed in the west in May 1515. Andrew, by his brother's interest, got into his good graces, and had for answer, that he would give him the King's warrant for raising the Bishop's rents, as in the present situation he could not raise them in the ordinary form of the courts of law: And the dean, following the common law, reserved the fruits till the bishop should be confirmed.

"The

“The Queen was at Perth when notice was brought to her of the late bishop’s death. By advice of such of the Counsellors as were of her side, she in name of the King caused recommend to the office the illustrious Master Gavin Douglas, Provost of St Giles in Edinburgh, Rector of Hawick, and Uncle to the Earl of Angus.

“This was a man of genius, of great skill in Divinity, and in the canons of the church.

“By the Queen’s solicitation, or as others say, by the King of England’s, he was promoted to the see of Dunkeld by Pope Leo. X: And on that account being summoned for acting against the laws of the land, he was found guilty, and banished by the unanimous voice of the judges. The see was declared vacant. He was committed to the custody of the venerable Father in Christ, John Hepburn, Prior and Vicar General of St Andrews.

“He was kept in prison for more than a year, first in the Castle of Edinburgh, then in the Castle of St Andrews, of Dunbar, and of Edinburgh again.

“The Queen took the matter so much to heart, that she entered into terms with Lord Hume the Chamberlain. By this agreement the King, and Alexander Duke of Ross his brother, were to be trusted to the Queen’s management.

“At the Stated time the Chamberlain sent to Stirling Castle, and at the same time got an army together at Peebles.

“Upon this the Regent sets out for Peebles, with the Lords and great men of the kingdom. And he sends Lord Fleming to Stirling Castle, which the King and his brother had not yet given up to their mother.

“Immediately after this, the Queen and her husband the Earl of Angus, and the Lord Chamberlain entered England; where they continued till they had made up matters with the Regent.

“By an article of this agreement, Gavin Douglas, Provost of St Giles, was set at liberty; and the Chancellor pleaded for him so effectually, that the Regent

was reconciled to him. And the Chancellor upon his own charges consecrated him at Glasgow, and over and above gave him some presents.

“ After his consecration, he first visited St Andrews ; and then the church of Dunkeld. The first night he was very affectionately received by the clergy and laity, who all praised God for giving them so noble, so learned, and so decent a bishop. He published the Bulls at the great altar ; and lodged in the dean’s house, as he had no access to the Palace, which, with the Steeple, Andrew Stewart’s servants held out from him ; and they refused to deliver them in their master’s name, alledging that they possessed all by the authority of the Regent.

“ Upon this account he was forced to have the service of God performed in the dean’s house : To which place he called the canons, and received their homage, and it was with their whole heart they yielded him homage. On the other hand the bishop swore to keep all the statutes of the church.

“ After dinner he consulted the gentlemen and clergy who were with him, what course he ought to follow in that conjuncture. Some advised to send notice to the Regent. Others would have him go in person.

“ In the midst of these consultations, they are informed that Andrew Stewart was in arms, with a design to relieve those who held out the Palace. That instant, a shower of canon shot came from the Steeple and Palace.

“ Then all the people of rank hurried to the bishop’s defence. There were the worthy dean ; James Lord Ogilvy ; David Master of Crawford ; Colin Campbell of Glenorchy ; Laird of Kinfauns ; the Prebendary of Alyth, and many other churchmen.

“ Notice is sent of this transaction to the Bishop’s friends in Angus, and elsewhere. Upon which there came next day such crowds from Montrose, from the low parts of Fyfe, and the country round about, that the city of Dunkeld could scarce hold them.

“ But

“ But for all this number, the Prebendary of Alyth had laid up such abundance of every thing, that there was room and provision for all the men and all their horses.

“ The Bishop elect not having it in his power to relieve those who held out the Palace and Steeple, is forced to retire to the woods. The Bishop Douglas on his side summoned them to surrender upon pain of excommunication. For fear of his threat, partly by force and partly by stratagem, the Steeple was put in the possession of James Carmichael, of some Prebendaries, and of the Bishop's family.

“ This put the people in the Palace in great fear. They obtained a truce, and a suspension of the excommunication, of some hours: But after that time they were still unwilling to surrender, however, by the merits of St Columba, they gave up the Palace without bloodshed.

“ Upon this the Earl and his brother went to Court, to complain of what had been done. The Bishop went also to defend himself, for some time there were mutual accusations, &c. &c.

The whole of what follows in Miln's Book is to be found quoted in the account I have given of Bishop Douglas' Life.

His address in the beginning of the dedication is, “ To the Reverend Father in Christ, Gavin Douglas, by the Mercy of God Bishop of Dunkeld, Son of Archibald Earl of Angus, and who is distinguished for divine and human learning.”

Of the Prebendary of Alyth, of whom he makes such honourable mention, he says in the dedication, “ To the well beloved Thomas Greig Prebendary of Alyth, the head of his family, and who has great zeal for the purity of worship.”

He afterwards speaks of him in the following manner.

“ The Prebendary of Alyth was Master Thomas Greig, a devout man, and zealous for the decency of the service. In his house-keeping, he imitated the Highlanders, who keep open Tables. But

it was more by his œconomy than by the profits of his living, that he was enabled to support his hospitality.

“ He bestowed handsomely upon the Church. His Uncle of excellent memory, Mr John Donaldson Licentiate of the canon law, and Chancellor of Dunkeld, had raised an altar to all Saints. This altar Thomas Greig caused to be painted, and gave it vestments and other necessities

8. “ He caused make a silver cup of great weight ; and a white cup, equal, if not superior to the Chapter’s. From the rents of his town and country Estates, he appointed a vicar of the quire for saying mass at canonical hours.

“ He kept strict discipline, and was the determined punisher of offenders, whether they were laymen or clergyman, by his discretion in correcting, he rooted out some very bad practices that prevailed in his deanry of Athole and Bredalbane.

“ There was a certain person that pretended to be dumb, and who by words and signs made them believe that he discovered all things past and to come. He checked him so effectually that he caused him to speak, and to confess openly in presence of the bishop and clergy, that the devil had tempted him to those tricks. As he found him tractable, he prudently reconciled him to the church.

“ After the bishop’s death, he undertook a pilgrimage to Rome ; and though he was above sixty years of age, he returned in good health.

“ As he was a man of great attention to good works, the bishop, to reward his zeal, made him prebendary of Fordeishaw, within a year, and before he got possession of that benefice, which had not been opened, he made him prebendary of Alyth.

“ His temper was somewhat passionate, but after all he was a kind hearted man.”

Miln in another part of his book, says, “ Thomas Grieg understood Irish, and was a rigid disciplinarian ; to him therefore the Bishop” George Brown, “ gave the charge of Athole.”

St

St Colume or Columba, to whose merits Miln ascribes this circumstance that no blood was shed when Andrew Stewart's servants were expelled from the steeple and palace, was the patron Saint of the Pictish nation, and of the city and diocese of Dunkeld in particular. The lands and rents belonging to the bishop were called St Colume's Patrimony; and Bishop Brown expressed great zeal, and was singularly successful in preserving the patrimony of the saint from dilapidation, and in recovering lands which formerly had made a part of it.

St Columba, who was a man of exemplary piety, and a real benefactor to his fellow creatures, was successful in converting the Picts to the Christian Religion.

He obtained the Island of Hey or Jona, where he founded a kind of Monastery, of which he became Abbot. Adamnanus, one of his successors, wrote an account of his life, and in further honour to his memory, founded a Monastery at Dunkeld. These, and some other monasteries were originally filled with the religious persons, who were called Culdees.

Columba was born in 520. He died at Hey in 597, and is said to have been buried there. But at least some of his bones were supposed to have been preserved at Dunkeld, as appears from one of the following passages in Abbot Miln's book, which are given as containing a still farther description of the religion and manners of the times.

“ In the year 1500 the pestilence ravaged the country and kingdom; and as a report went that the city of Dunkeld had at all times been preserved from calamities of that sort by the merit of its patron St Colume, therefore, in honour of that Saint, Bishop George Brown caused high mass to be said, at his own charges, for a whole year at the time of ringing the second bell for mattins.

“ And as at the year's end the city and a great part of the country about it was untouched by that distemper, he continued this foundation, and left from his private estate fourteen pounds a year for the

the support of a daily mass : And that this might be done in such a way as to be an honour to the church, he chose seven vicars of the quire for the seven altars of the church which had not been endowed before. These vicars had each of them ten pounds of salary allowed him. The altars were those of St Martin, St Nicholas, St Andrew the Apostle, the Innocents, all Saints, St Stephen the Martyr, and St John the Baptist.

“ Here there was a vast decency ; for one of these vicars in his turn, said mass, when the second bell rung for mattins, every day, then the devout churchmen and laymen, besides a number of strangers, met with great joy.”

The Abbot again speaks of Bishop Brown’s good works, during the pestilence, as follows—

“ The Bishop observed that the small number of parish churches made a great concourse of burials, which in these circumstances had the worst of consequences. As the parish of Little Dunkeld was then sixteen miles long, with breadth in proportion, he divided it into the old parish of Little Dunkeld, and the parish of Caputh.

“ At Caputh he built at his own expence a quire, with a painted ceiling and glazed windows. He gave for the support of the vicar, a vicarage which had been formerly united to his see, four acres of Glebe land, and the rising ground called the Mutehill to build a church upon, as may be seen at full in the charter of that church subscribed by me, and sealed with the seal of the Bishop and Chapter.

“ What follows is surprising, and yet I think it must not be passed over. The Bishop had marked out and consecrated burying ground for his people, being much afraid of the pestilence. In the meantime he visited some of the church tenants of Caputh, who had been bad of that disease, and gave them such consecrated things as might be of use to them.

“ Next day, he caused dip the bones of St Columba in consecrated water, and sent it to them to drink, by the Chancellor, many did drink and were cured.

But

But there was one forward fellow among them, who said to the Chancellor, "For what does the Bishop send us water to drink? I could wish he had sent us some of his best ale." But he, and the rest, to the number of thirty, who refused to drink of the water, died of the plague, and were buried in one grave, a little below the ordinary burying ground."

(18). Epist. Reg. Scot. v. l. p. 222.

(19). N. B. The Earl of Athole at this time was John Stewart, whom Miln celebrates as the illustrious father of his country, son of Earl of John who was brother of King James II.

The old Earl John was the uterine brother of that king by their mother Queen Jane, who after the death of King James I, her first husband, married James Stewart, commonly called the Black Knight of Lorn. She was daughter of John Duke of Lancaster, a younger Son of King Edward III, of England.

John, eldest Son of Queen Jane and of the Knight of Lorn, was created Earl of Athole in 1457. His second Countess was Eleanor Sinclair, daughter of William Earl of Orkney and Caithness: By which Countess he had John the second Earl of Athole, and Andrew Stewart Prebendary of Craig. He died September 19th 1512.

Crawford and Douglas, in their books of the Peerage of Scotland, follow some lists which have been given of the noblemen who were slain in the battle at Flowdon, and mention John second Earl of Athole, brother of Andrew Stewart, as having been in the number of those who were killed in that battle. But Abbot Miln could not be mistaken, who mentions him as still living in 1516. He speaks also of his Countess in 1513, who was a daughter of the Earl of Argyle.

Andrew Stewart, who had been disappointed of the Bishopric of Dunkeld, was made Bishop of Caithness, in 1518. He died in 1542.

Lady Dorothea Stewart, the Heiress and representative of the Stewarts Earls of Athole, was, in July 1604, married to William Murray, who succeeded his father as Earl of Tullibardin.

It

It may not be improper to transcribe the account which Miln gives of the battle at Flowdon, as he was cotemporary with the event, it is to be regretted that he did not write a more particular relation.

“It was in this year (1513), that Henry the VIII, of England declared war against France. He sent as Ambassadors to James IV, Lord Dacres, and Doctor West, Dean of Windsor, with great promises if he would give up the French alliance.

“On the other hand, the French promised a subsidy, and the assistance of a body of troops: But these articles they never performed.

“Upon the faith of these promises, King James enters England, takes Norham Castle, where he to no purpose waited fifteen days for the French. At the end of which time the Earl of Surry, the King of England’s general, offers battle, which was accepted of. The King, and many of the nobility were killed, and among them many of the Bishop (Brown’s) friends.

“The battle of Flowden happened on the day before the nativity of the blessed Virgin, in the year 1513.

“Upon his father’s death, James V, a child of seventeen months old, was crowned at Stirling on St Matthew’s day, the same year.”

(20). N. B. Alexander Miln was recommended to the Abbay of Cambuskenneth, by John Duke of Albany, October 28th 1516. (Epist. Reg. Scot. v. I. p. 275.) He seems to have been put in the possession of that Abbay in 1518. When the new court of Session was instituted by King James V, in 1532, Abbot Miln was appointed president.

He appears, by his book of the Lives of the Bishops of Dunkeld, to have been a good natured man, and loth to say any thing severe of any person.

(21). Less. Hist. L. 9. Epist. Reg. Scots v. I. p. 257.

(22). Pinkerton’s List of Scotch Poets. p. xcv.

(23). Ibid.

(24). N. B. In the Scotch language the verb “clatter,”

ter," means not only to make a noise, but also to tell tales, or reveal secrets.

(25). N. B. One of the good works of Bishop Brown, recorded by Miln, was that he built the south wing of the house at Edinburgh belonging to the Bishops of Dunkeld.

(26). Buchan. Hist. L. 14. C. 12. Anderson's M. S. Hist. Pitscottie. Hist. p. 189. But the two last mentioned writers were evidently mistaken when they placed this event in the year 1515.

(27). Pinkerton's list of Scotch Poets p. xcv.]

(28). Epist. Reg. Scot. v. l. p. 328.

(29). Ibid. p. 333.

(30). N. B. The Earl of Angus returned to Scotland in 1525. Having been appointed one of the Lords of the Regency, he found means to take the whole management of affairs into his own hands. He deprived James Beaton, then Archbishop of St Andrews, of the office of Chancellor, and plundered his Castle of St Andrews.

The Archbishop concealed himself in unfrequented parts of the country. According to Lindsay of Pitscottie, he for some time kept a flock of sheep, under the disguise of a simple shepherd.

(31). Woods Athenæ Oxon. v. l. p. 562. Weever's Monum. p. 446.

(32). See the life of Gavin Douglas by M'kenzie and the editors of the translation of the *Æneid*. Also Hume's History of the Douglasses, p. 235.

(33) N. B. The beautiful Elegiac Poem, which bears the name of the Flowers of the Forest, began to be generally known not many years ago. It is supposed to have been a Lamentation over those young men of the Forest of Selkirk, who went to the Field of Flowdon, and there met with their fate.

That many went from that part of the country, is not to be doubted, because of it's neighbourhood to the Borders, and because some of their chiefs were at the battle. George Maitland of Angus, who was killed in the battle, is said by Hume, in his History of the Douglasses, to have had Bailiffs in Selkirk who

F

held

held Courts in his name. And another of the chiefs in that part of the country, Sir Walter Scott of Buccleuch, was also at Flowdon. I have also been informed that "A Standard, won by the Burgesſes of Selkirk at Flowdon Field, ſtill exiſts; and that a fac ſimile of it is carried about in that town on ſolemn occaſions."

That Gavin Douglas was the author of the Poem is however to be reckoned only a matter of probable conjecture. There were undoubtedly ſome obſolete words in the original which do not now appear; for as the poem was not written, theſe words would be gradually changed for others that were better underſtood.

Mr Lambe, Vicar of Norham upon Tweed, gave a very good copy of it to the public in 1774. He publiſhed it in his Appendix to an hiſtorical Poem which was written in England and which relates many circumſtances of the battle.

The monthly Reviewers, in their account of Mr Lambe's publication, ſay, "In the appendix, there is an old Scotch ſong on the battle of Flowdon, which for it's genuine ſimplicity, and the truly plaintive ſpirit of elegy, excels every thing of the kind we have met with."

(34). N. B. What this ſerious buſineſs was in which our Author was engaged, whether it related to the nation, or to the church in general, to the affairs of his family, of his provoſtſhip, or of his rectory, is not known, nor has been conjectured.

(35). Leſſ. Hiſt. Lib. 9.

(36). Polyd. Hiſt. L. 3. p. 52, &c.

(37). Epiſt. Reg. Scot. v. I. p. 139.

(38). N. B. Polydore was not ſingular in this ſpecies of wickedneſs, if the information given in the beginning of the laſt century, to Sir Robert Gordon of Straloch, who was a writer of great integrity, can be relied on.

In a letter to Mr David Buchanan, July 24th 1649, Sir Robert Gordon, ſpeaking of Veremund, and of Cornelius Hibernicus, who were mentioned as
Authorities

Authorities by Hector Boethius, says, "I heard, when I was a youth, at Aberdeen, where Boethius had presided in the University, and where he died, that he destroyed the Manuscript Copies of these Authors, to conciliate favour to his own History, and that from him our antiquities might be solely derived. Poor man! What favour thou didest gain to thy History is uncertain; but that by this action it has lost much of it's credit is beyond all dispute."

See Nicolson's Scot. Hist. Library, p. 75. Boethius, according to his own account, received the ancient books he mentions, in 1525. His History of Scotland was finished in April 1526, and published that same year. Therefore either he wrote it before he received the Books, or compiled it very hastily afterwards.

But his History is evidently written with more elegance and method than was consistent with it's being a hasty production.

If he really received the books, he made little or no use of them. And if they were in his possession, and destroyed by him, he must have been conscious to himself that it was an unfaithful History which he was seeking to impose upon the world.

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E R R A T A.

- P. 9. l. 18. *for* Glenberfie *read* Glenbervie.
- P. 3. l. 22. N. B. The Earl of Angus left the field before the commencement of the battle, because his presence was necessary at Edinburgh, of which town he was provost.
- P. 5. l. 22. *for* Aberbrothick *read* Aberbrothock, also in all other Pages where the same word occurs.
- P. 7. l. 21. *for* patrones, *read* patrons.
- P. 20. l. 9. *for* Bishop George's *read* Bishop George Brown's.
- P. 27. l. 18. *for* contraverfies *read* controversies.
- P. 30. l. 16. *for* tables *read* fables.
- P. 32. l. 11. *for* obfelete *read* obsolete.
- P. 33. l. 18. *for* refigned *read* unrefigned.
- P. 35. l. 9. *for* Virgil and Homer *read* Virgil or Homer.
- P. 43. l. 12. *for* would *read* fhould.
- P. 54. l. 11. *for* white Cup *read* white Cope.
- ib. l. 17. *for* Clergyman *read* Clergymen.
- P. 57. l. 11. dele *of* after Earl.
- P. 58. l. 3. *for* cotemporary *read* contemporary.

T H E
G O L D I N T E R G E.

I.

R ICHT as the stern of day began to schyne,
Quhen gone to bed was *Vesper* and *Lucyne*,
I raise, and by a roseir did me rest ;
Upsprang the goldin candill maculyne,
With cleir depurit beims christalyne,
Glading the mirry fowlis in thair nest,
Or *Phebus* was in purple kaip revest ;
Up sprang the lark, the hevenis minstrel syne,
In *May* intill a morrow mirthfullest.

II.

Full angelyk thir birdis sang thair hours,
Within thair courtings grene within thair bours,
Apperellit quhyte and reid with blumys sweit,
Enamalit was the feild with all collours,
The perlit dropis schuke in silver schours,
Quhyle all in balm did brench and levis fleit,
Depairt frae *Phebus* did *Aurora* greit,
Hir cristal teirs I saw hing on the flours,
Quhilk he for lufe drank all up with his heit.

A

III.

III.

For mirth of *May*, with skipkis and with hopps,
The birds sang upon the tendir cropps,

With curious nottis as *Venus* chapell clarks;
The rosses reid, now spreiding aff their knopps,
Wer powderit full bricht with hevinly dropps,

With rayis reid, lemying as ruby sparks,
The skyis rang with schouting of the larks,
The purple hevin owre skailt in silver flopps,
Owre gilt the treis branchis leivs and barks.

IV.

Doun throwch the ryfs an river ran, quhois streims
So lustely upon the lykand leims,

That all the laik as lamp did leim of licht,
Quhilk schadowit all about with twynkland gleims,
The bewis baithit were in secound beims,

Throw the reflex of *Phebus* visage bricht,
On every syde the ege raise on hicht:
The bank was grene, the sun was full of beims,
The streimers cleir as sternis in frosty nicht.

V.

The cristal air the saphier firmament,
The ruby skyes of the reid orient,

Kest berial gleims on emerant bewis grene,
The rosy garth depaynt and redolent,
With purpore, asure, gold and gowlis gent,
Arrayit was be dame *Flora* the quene,
Sae nobilie that joy was for to sene,
The roche against the river resplendant,
As low illuminate the levis schene.

VI.

Quhat throw the mirry fowls fast harmony,
 Quhat throw the rivers sound that ran me by,
 On *Floras* weid I slepit quhair I lay,
 Quhair fune into my dreimand fantify,
 I saw approche agane the orient sky,
 Ane schip on sail as blofome on the spray,
 With mast of gold, bricht as the stern of day,
 Quhilk tendit to the land full lustely,
 With swiftest motion throu a crystal bay.

VII.

And hard on burd unto the blumit meids,
 Amangs the grene rispies and the reids,
 Aryvit scho quheirfrae annon thair lands
 Ane hundreth ladeis lustie intill weids,
 Als fresh as flours that in the *May* upspreids,
 In kirtills grene, withouten kell or bands,
 Thair shynand hair hang glitterand on the strand
 In trefis cleir wypit with goldin threids,
 With pawps quhyte, and middills small as wands.

VIII.

Discryve I wald but quha culd weil indyte,
 How all the flours with all the lillies quhyt,
 Depaint was bricht, quhilk to the hevin did gleit,
 Nocht *Homer* thou als fair as thou couth wryte,
 For all thy ornat style the maist perfyte,
 Nor zet, thou *Tullus*, quhais oratiouns sweit
 In rethorick did intill terms fleit,
 Zour aureat tungs had baith bene all to lyte,
 For to compyle that paradyce compleit.

IX.

There saw I *Nature*, and als dame *Venus* quene,
Aurora fresh, and lady *Flora* schene,
Juno, *Latona*, and *Proserpina*,
Diane the goddeſs of cheſt and wods grene,
My lady *Clio*, that help of *Makers* bene,
Thetis ſe grene and prudent *Minerva*,
Fair faynt fortune, and lemand *Lucina*,
Thir mighty quenis, with crownis might be ſene,
With beims bricht, and blyth as *Lucifera*.

X.

Thair ſaw I *May* of mirthfull moniths quene,
Betwixt *Apryl* and *June* her ſiſters ſchene,
Within the garden walkand up and down,
Quhom of the fowls reſaiſ gladneſs bedene,
Scho was full tendir in hir zeirs grene;
Thair ſaw I nature give till hir a gown,
Rich to behald, and noble of renown,
Of ilka hew that undir hevin has bene
Depaynt and braid be gude proportioun.

XI.

Full luſtiely thir ladyis all in feir,
Enteret into this park of maiſt pleſeir,
Quhair that I lay heilit with leivs rank,
The mirry birds bliſful of cheir;
Nature ſaluſt methocht in thair maneir,
And every blume on brench and on the bank,
Openit and ſpred thair balmy levis donk,
Full law inclynand to thair quene full cleir,
Quhom for thair noble nurifing they thank.

XII.

XII.

Syne to dame *Flora*, on the samyne ways,
 They salust and they thank a thousand fyis,
 And to sweit *Venus* neist, luvis bony quene,
 They sang ballatis of lue, as was the gyis,
 With amorous nottis maist lusty to devyis,
 As that they had lue in thair heartis grene,
 Thair hony throtts they openit frae the splene,
 With warbills sweit they perst the hevinly skyis,
 Quhyle loud resount the firmament ferene.

XIII.

Ane uther court thair saw I subsequent,
Cupid the king, with bow in hand ay bent,
 And dreidfull arrows grundin snerp and squhair,
 Thair saw I *Mars* the god armipotent,
 Awful and stern, braid, strong and corpulent.
 Thair saw I crabit *Saturn* auld and hair,
 His luke was lyke for to perturb the air.
 Thair was *Mercurius*, wyse and eloquent
 Of rethorick that fand the flouris sae fair.

XIV.

Thair was the god of gardens *Priapus*,
 Thair was the god of wildernes *Phanus*,
 And *Janus* god of entries delectable.
 Thair was the god of oceans *Neptunus*:
 Thair was the god of winds bauld *Eolus*,
 With variand blasts lyke to an lord unstable,
 Thair was blyth *Bacbus* glader of the table;
 Thair *Pluto* was, that elritch *Incubus*,
 In cloke of grene, his court was clade in fable.

XV.

And every ane of thir in grene arrayt,
 An harp and lute full mirreyly they playt,
 And ballats sang with mighty nottes cleir:
 Ladys to daunce full sobirly affyit,
 Endlang the trotting river so they mayit;
 Thair obfervance richt hevinly was to heir;
 Then crap I throw the brenches and drew neir,
 Quhair that I was richt suddenly affrayit,
 All throw a luke that I haif coft full deir.

XVI.

And fchortlie for to speik, by luves fair *Quene*
 I was espyit, fcho bad hir Archers kene
 Go me areift; and they nae tyme delayit;
 Then ladies fair lute fall thair mantils grene,
 With bowis big, in traffit hairs fchene,
 Richt suddenly they had a field arrayit;
 And zit richt gritly was I nocht affrayit;
 The party was fae plesand to be fene,
 A wondir lusty bikar me affayit.

XVII.

And first of all with bow in hand ay bent,
 Came bewty's *Dame* richt as fcho wald me fchent,
 Syne followit all her damofells in feir,
 With mony divers awfull instrument,
 Into the preifs fair *Having* with hir went,
 Syne *Portrator*, *Plesance* and lusty *Cheir*,
 Then *Refoun* came with *SCIELD* of *GOLD* so cleir,
 In plait of mail as *Mars* armipotent,
 Defendit me that noble chevalier.

XVIII.

XVIII.

Syne tendir *Zouth* came with hir virgins zing,
 Grene *Innocence* and *schamefull Abasing*,
 And quaking *Dreid*, with humbyl *Obedience*,
 The GOLDIN TERGE it armit them naithing,
 Courage in them was nocht begun to spring;
 Full fune they dreid to do a violence:
 Sweit *Womanheid* I saw come in prefence,
 A warld of artelzie scho did in bring,
 And servit ladyis full of reverence.

XIX.

Scho with hir led *Nurtour* and *Lawlinefs*,
Continuance, *Patience*, *gude Fame* and *Stedfastness*,
Discretion, *Gentilness*, *Considderans*,
Leful Company, and *honest Businefs*,
Benign Luke, *myld Cheir*, and *Sobirness*,
 All thir bure genzies to do me grivans;
 But *Refoun* bure the TERGE with sic constans,
 Thair scharp assay nicht do me no deirence,
 For all their preis and awful ordinans.

XX.

Unto the preis pursewit *hie Degrie*,
 Hir followit ay *Estait* and *Dignitee*,
Comparison, *Honour* and *nobill Array*,
Will, *Wantonefs*, *Renown* and *Libertie*,
Riches and *Fredome* and *Nobility*;
 Wit ze they did thair banner hie display.
 A clud of flanes lyke hail-schot lowfit they,
 And schot till wastit was thair artelzie,
 Syne went abak rebutit of the prey.

XXI.

XXI.

Quhen *Venus* had persavit this rebute,
 Scho bad *Dissembance* gae mak a persute

With all her power to pres the GOLDIN TERGE,
 And scho that was of doubleness the rute,
 Askit hir choifs of archers in refute :

Venus the best bad hir to wale at lerge ;

Scho tuke *Presence* plicht anker of the berge ;
 And fair *Calling* that weil a flane can schute,
 And *Cberissing* for to compleit hir charge.

XXII.

Dame *Hamelines* scho tuke in company,
 That hardy was and heynd in archery,

And brocht in *Bewtie* to the feild again,
 With all the choise of *Venus* chevelly,
 They came and bikkart unabaisitly :

The showris of arrows rappit on lyke rain,
 Perrelus *Presence*, that mony a fyre has slain,
 The battill brocht on bordour hard me by,
 The affalt was all the fairer futh to fane.

XXIII.

Thick was the schot of grundin arrows kene,
 But *Ressoun* with the GOLDIN SCHEILD sae schene,
 Weirly deffendit quhoseir assayit ;

The awfull schower he manly did sustene,
 Till *Presence* kest a powdir in his ene,

And then as drukken man he all forwayit,
 Quhen he wes blind, the fulc with him they playit,
 And bannist him amang the bewis grene ;
 That sight sae fair me suddenly affrayit.

XXIV.

XXIV.

Then was I woundit, till the deth full neir,
And zoldin as ane woefull prifoneir

To lady *Bewtie*, in a moment's space,
Methocht scho feimit lustyer of cheir,
Aftir that *Ressoun* had tynt his ene cleir,
Than of befoir, and lovarly of face;
Quhy was thou blindit, *Ressoun*? quhy? allace!
And gart ane hell my paradyce appeir,
And mercy seim quhair that I fand na grace.

XXV.

Dissemblance was bissy me to assyle,
And *fair Calling* did aft upon me smyle,
And *Cherissing* me fed with words fair,
Acquittance new embrasit me a quhyle,
And favourt me, till men nicht gae a myle,
Syne tuke hir lief, I saw hir nevir mair;
Then saw I *Denger* toward me repair,
I cowth eschew hir prefence be nae wyle,
On syde scho lukit with a fremit fare.

XXVI.

And at the last deperting couth hir drefs,
And me delyverit unto *Havyness*,
For to remane, and scho in cure me tuke;
Be this the lord of winds with fell wodness,
God *Eolus* his bougill blew, I gefs,
That with the blast the aiks in forest schuke,
And suddenlie in the space of a luke,
All was hyne went, ther was but wilderiness,
Ther was nae mair but bird and bank and bruke.

XXVII.

XXVII.

In twynckling of an ee to schip they went,
 And swift up sail unto the tap they stent,
 And with swift course out owre the flude they frak ;
 They fyrit thair guns with powdir violent,
 Till that the reik raise to the firmament,
 The rochis all resoundit with the rak,
 For reird it semit that the rain-brow brak ;
 With spreit affrayit upon my feit I sprent
 Amangs the clewis, sae cairfull was the crak.

XXVIII.

And as I did awake off this swowning,
 The joyfull minstralls mirryly did sing,
 For mirth of *Phebus* tendir beims schene ;
 Sweit wer the vapouris, fast the morrowing,
 Hailsum the vail, depaynt with flowirs zing,
 The air atemperit, fobir and amene ;
 In quhite and reid was all the eard besene,
 Throw natures nobill fresch enamaling,
 In mirthfull *May*, of every moneth quene.

XXIX.

O reverend *Chawser*, rose of rethouris all,
 As in our tounge the flowir imperiall,
 That evir raise in *Brittane*, quha reids richt,
 Thou beirs of makars the triumphs ryall,
 The fresche enamallit termes celestiall ;
 This matter thou couth haif ilumint bricht,
 Was thou not of our *Inglis* all the licht ?
 Surmounting every tounge terrestriall,
 As far as *Mayis* fair morning dois midnight.

XXX.

XXX.

O morale *Goower* and *Lidgate* laureat,
 Zour suggurat touns and lipps aureat
 Bene till our eirs cause of grit delyte ;
 Zour mouths angelick, maist mellifluat,
 Our rude language hes cleir ilumynat,
 And has owre-gilt our speich, that imperfyte
 Stude, or zour goldin pens did schupe to wryt,
 This yle befoir was bair and disolate
 Of rethorick, or lusty fair indyte.

XXXI.

Thou litle quair be evir obedient,
 Humbyl, subject, and semple of intent,
 Befoir the face of every cunning wicht,
 I knaw quhat thou of rethorick has spent,
 Of hir maist lystie roses redolent
 Is nane into thy garland set on hicht ;
 O schame thairfor, and draw the out of sight !
 Rude is thy weid, bare, destitute and rent,
 Weil aucht thou be affeirit of the licht.

Quod DUNBAR.



*The THISTLE and the ROSE,
O'er Flowers and Herbage green,
By Lady Nature chose,
Brave King and lovely Queen.*

A

P O E M,

IN HONOUR OF

MARGARET, daughter to *HENRY* the VII.
of *England*, queen to JAMES the IV. king
of *SCOTS*.

I.

QUHEN *Merche* wes with variand windis past,
And *Appryll* had with hir silver shouris
Tane leif at nature, with ane orient blast,
And lusty *May*, that muddir is of flouris,
Had maid the birdis to begyn thair houris
Amang the tendir odouris reid and quhyt,
Quhois harmony to heir it wes delyt :

B

II.

II.

In bed at morrow, fleiping as I lay,
 Methocht *Aurora*, with her cristall ene,
 In at the window lukit by the day,
 And halfit me, with visage paile and grene ;
 On quhois hand a lark sang fro the spleen,
 Awalk luvaris out of your flemering,
 Se how the lusty morrow dois upspring.

III.

Methocht fresche *May* befoir my bed upstude,
 In weid depaynt of mony diverse hew,
 Sober, benyng, and full of mansuetude,
 In bright atteir of flouris forgit new,
 Heyinly of color, quhyt, reid, brown, and blew,
 Balmit in dew, and gilt with Phebus bemys ;
 Quhyl all the house illumynit of her lemys.

IV.

Slugart, scho said, awalk annone for schame,
 And in my honor sumthing thow go wryt ;
 The lark hes done the mirry day proclame,
 To rais up luvaris with comfort and delyt ;
 Yet nocht increfs thy curage to indyt,
 Quhois hait sumtyme hes glaid and blissfull bene,
 Sangis to mak undir the levis grene.

V.

V.

Quhairto, quoth I, fall I upryse at morrow,
 For in this May few birdis herd I sing;
 Thay haif moir cause to weip and plane their sorrow;
 Thy air it is nocht holsum nor benyng;
 Lord Eolus dois in thy fessone ring:
 So busteous ar the blastis of his horne,
 Amang thy bewis to walk I haif forborne.

VI.

With that this lady fobirly did smyll,
 And said, uprise, and do thy observance,
 Thou did promyt, in *Mayis* lusty quhyle,
 For to discryve the *ROSE* of most plesance.
 Go se the birdis how thay sing and dance,
 Illumynit our with orient skyis brycht,
 Anamyllit richely with new asur lycht.

VII.

Quhen this wes said, departit scho this quene,
 And enterit in a lusty garding gent;
 And than methocht, full hestely besene,
 In serk and mantill after her I went
 Into this garth most dulce and redolent,
 Of herb and flour, and tendir plantis sweit,
 And grene levis doing of dew down fleit.

VIII.

The purpoure sone, with tendir bemys reid,
 In orient bricht as angell did appeir,
 Throw goldin skyis putting up his heid,
 Quhois gilt treffis schone so wondir cleir,
 That all the world tuke comfort, fer and neir,
 To luke upone his fresche and blisfull face,
 Doing all fable fro the hevenis chace.

IX.

And as the blisfull sonne of cherarchy
 The fowlis sung throw comfort of the licht;
 The burdis did with oppin vocis cry,
 O luvaris so away thow dully nicht,
 And welcum day that comfortis every wicht;
 Hail *May*, hail *Flora*, hail *Aurora* schene,
 Hail Princes Nature, hail Venus, Luvis quene.

X.

Dame Nature gaif ane inhibitioun thair
 To fers *Neptune* and *Eolus* the bauld,
 Nocht to perturb the wattir nor the air,
 And that no schouris nor blastis cawld
 Effray fuld flouris nor fowles on the fauld:
 Scho bad eik *Juno* goddes of the sky,
 That scho the hevin fuld keip amene and dry.

XL.

XI.

Scho ordaind eik that every bird and beist
 Befoir her heines fuld annone compeir,
 And every flour of vertew most and leist,
 And every herb be feild fer and neir,
 As they had wont in *May* fro yeir to yeir,
 To hir thair makar to mak obediens,
 Full law inclynand with all due reverens.

XII.

With that annone scho send the swiift *ro*
 To bring in beistis of all conditioun;
 The restless *swallow* commandit scho also
 To fetch all foull of small and greit renown,
 And to gar flouris compeir of all fassoun;
 Full craftely conjurit scho the *Yarrow*,
 Quhilk did forth swirk as swift as ony arrow.

XIII.

All present wer in twynkling of ane ee;
 Baith *beist*, and *bird*, and *flour*, befoir the *Quene*,
 And first the *Lyone* gretast of degre,
 Was callit thair, and he, most fair to sene,
 With a full hardy countenance and kene,
 Befoir *Dame Nature* come, and did inclyne,
 With visage bauld, and courage *leonyne*.

XIV.

This awfull beist full terrible wes of cheir,
 Persing of luke, and stout of countenance,
 Ryght strong of corpes, of passoun fair, but feir,
 Lusty of shaip, lycht of deliverance,
 Reid of his cullour, as is the ruby glance,
 In feild of gold he stude full mychtely,
 With floure-de-Lycis firculit lustely.

XV.

This *Lady* listit up his cluvis cleir,
 And leit him listly lene upone hir kne,
 And crownit him with dyademe full deir,
 Of raydous stonis most ryall for to se;
 Saying, The King of Beistis mak I the,
 And the cheif protector in wodds and schawis,
 Onto thy leigis go furth, and keip the lawis.

XVI.

Exerce justice with mercy and consciens,
 And lat no small beist suffir skaith na scornis,
 Of greit beistis that bene of moir pufience:
 Do law alyk to aipis and unicornis,
 And lat no bowgle with his busteous hornis
 The meik pluch-ox opprefs, for all his pryd,
 Bot in the yok go peciable him besyd.

XVII.

XVII.

Quhen this was said, with noyis and soun of joy,
 All kynd of beistis into thair degre,
 At onis cryit, laud, *Vive le Roy*,
 And till his feit fell with humilite ;
 And all thay maid him homege and fewte ;
 And he did thame reffaif with princely laitis,
 Quhois noble yre is *Proteir Prostratis*.

XVIII.

Syne crownit scho the *Egle* King of Fowlis,
 And as steill dertis scherpit scho his pennis,
 And bad him be als just to *awppis* and *owlis*,
 As unto *pakokkis*, *papingais*, or *crenis*,
 And mak a law for *wicht fowlis* and for *wrennis*,
 And lat no fowll of ravyne do efferay,
 Nor birdis devoir bot his awin pray.

XIX.

Than callit scho all flouris that grew on feild,
 Discryving all thair fassious and effeirs,
 Upon the awfull **THRISILL** scho beheld,
 And saw him keipit with a busche of speiris ;
 Considering him so able for the weiris,
 A radius crown of rubies scho him gaif,
 And said, In feild go forth, and fend the laif.

XX.

XX.

And sen thou art a King, thou be discreit,
 Herb without vertew thow hald nocht of sic pryce
 As herb of vertew and of odor sweit ;
 And lat no nettill vyle, and full of vyce,
 Hir fallow to the gudly *flour-de-lyce* ;
 Nor lat no wyld weid, full of churlishness
 Compair her till the lilleis nobilness.

XXI.

Nor hald no udir flour in sic denty
 As the fresche Rose, of cullor reid and quhyt :
 For gif thou dois, hurt is thyne honesty ;
 Confiddering that no flour is so perfyt,
 So full of vertew, plesans, and delyt,
 So full of blifsfull angelik bewty,
 Imperial birth, honour and dignite.

XXII.

Thane to the Rose scho turnit hir visage,
 And said, O lusty dochtir most benyng,
 Aboif the lilly, illustrare of lynage,
 Fro the stok ryell ryfing fresche and ying,
 But ȝny spot or macull doing spring :
 Cum bloume of joy with jemmis to be cround,
 For our the laif thy bewty is renound.

XXIII.

XXIII.

A costly crown, with clarefeid stonis bricht,
This cumly Quene did on hir heid inclose,
Quhyll all the land illumynit of the lycht;
Quhairfoir methocht the flouris did reiose,
Crying, attanis, Haill be thou richest Rose,
Haill hairbis Empryce, haill freschest Quene of flouris,
To the be glory and honour at all houris.

XXIV.

Thane all the birdis song with voce on hicht,
Quhois mirthfull soun wes marvellus to heir;
The mavys sang, Haill Rose most riche and richt,
That dois upflureifs under *Phebus* speir!
Haill plant of youth, haill Princes dochtir deir,
Haill blofome breking out of the blud royall,
Quhois pretius vertew is imperial.

XXV.

The merle scho sang, Haill Rose of most delyt,
Haill of all fluris quene and foverane.
The lark scho sang, Haill Rose both reid and quhyt,
Most pleasand flour, of mighty coullors twane.
The nichtingaill song, Haill Naturis suffragene,
In bewty, nurtour, and every nobilnefs,
In riche array, renown, and gentilnefs.

XXVI.

XXVI.

The common voce upraife of burdis fmall,
 Upon this wys, O bliffit be the hour
 That thou wes chosin to be our principall;
 Welcome to be our Princes of honour,
 Our perle, our plefans, and our paramour,
 Our peace, our play, our plane felicite;
Chryft the conferf frome all adverfite.

XXVII.

Than all the burdis fong with fic a fchout,
 That I anone awoilk quhair that I lay,
 And with a braid I turnit me about
 To fe this court; bot all wer went away:
 Then up I leinyt, halflinges in affrey,
 Callt to my Mufe, and for my fubject chois
 To fing the Ryel THRISSILL and the ROSE.

Wm. DUNBAR.

The

THE
F E N Y E T F R I E R
O F
T U N G L A N D.

I.

A S young Aurora with chryftall haile,
In orient fchew her viſage paile,
A ſwenyng ſwyth did me affaile
Of ſonis of Sathanis ſeid ;
Methocht a Turk of Tartary
Come throw the boundis of Barbary,
And lay forloppin in Lombardy,
Full long in wachman's weid.

II.

Fra baptasng for to eſchew,
Thair a religious man he flew,
And cled him in his abeit new,
For he cowth wryte and reid.
Quhen kend was his diſſimulance,
And all his curſit governance,
For feir he fled, and come in France,
With litill of Lumbard leid.

III.

III.

To be a leiche he fenyt him thair ;
 Quhilk mony a man might rew evirmair ;
 For he left nowthir sick nor fair

Unflane, or he hyne yeid.

Vane-organis he full clenely carvit ;
 Quhen of his straik sae mony starvit,
 Dreid he had gottin quhat he defarvit,
 He fled away gude speid.

IV.

In Scotland than, the narrest way,
 He come, his cunning till assay,
 To sum man thair it was no play

The preving of his sciens.

In pottingry he wrocht grit pyne,
 He murdreist mony in medecyne ;
 The jow was of a grit engyne,
 And generit was of gyans.

V.

In leichecraft he was homecyd,
 He wald haif for a nycht to byd
 A haiknay and the hurtman's hyd,

So meikle he was of myance.

His yrins was rude as ony rawchtir,
 Quhaire he leit blude it was no lawchtir,
 Full mony instrument for slawchtir
 Was in his gardevyance.

VI.

VI.

He cowth gif cure for laxative,
 To gar a wicht horse want his lyve;
 Quha evir assay wald man or wyve,
 Thair hippis yied hiddy-giddy.
 His practikis never war put to preif,
 But suddane deid or grit mischief,
 He had purgatioun to mak a theif
 To die without a widdy.

VII.

Unto no mels pressit this prelat,
 For soun of sacring bell nor skellat,
 As blacksmyth brinkit was his pallatt
 For battring at the study.
 Thocht he come hame a new maid channoun,
 He had dispensit with Matynis cannoun,
 On him come nowthir stole nor fannoun
 For smuking of the smydy.

VIII.

Methocht feir fassonis he assailyeit
 To mak the quintessance and failyeit;
 And quhen he saw *that* nocht availyeit,
 A fedrem on he tuke:
 And schupe in Turkey for to fle;
 And quhen that he did mont on hie,
 All fowill ferleit quhat he fowld be,
 That evir did on him luke.

C

IX.

IX.

Sum held he had bene *Dedalus*,
 Sum the Menatair marvelous,
 And sum *Martis* smyth *Vulcanus*,
 And sum *Saturnus* kuke.
 And evir the cufchettis at him tuggit,
 The rukis him rent, the ravynis him druggit,
 The hudit-crawis his hair furth ruggit,
 The hevin he nicht not bruke.

X.

Then Myttaine and Saint Martynis fowle
 Wend he had bene the hornit howle,
 Thay set upon him with a yowle,
 And gaif him dynt for dynt.
 The golk, the gormaw, and the gled,
 Best him with buffets quhill he bled;
 The spar halk to the spring him sped
 Als fers as fyre of flynt.

XI.

The tarfall gaif him tug for tug,
 A stanchell hang in ilka lug,
 The pyot furth his pennis did rug,
 The stork straik ay but stint;
 The bissart biffy but rebuik,
 Scho was so cleverus of her cluik,
 His (lugs) he nicht not langer bruke,
 Scho held thame at ane hint.

XII.

XII.

Thik was the clud of kayis and crawis,
 Of marleyonis, mittanis, and of mawis,
 That bikkrit at his berd with blawis,
 In battell him abowt.

Thay nybbillit him with noyis and cry,
 The rerd of thame raife to the sky,
 And evir he cryit on Fortoun, Fy,
 His lyfe was into dowt.

XIII.

The ja him skrippit with a skryke,
 And skornit him as it was lyk;
 The egill strong at him did stryke,
 And raucht him mony a rout:
 For feir uncunnandly he cawkit,
 Quhill all his pennis war drownd and drawkit,
 He maid a hundreth nolt all hawkit,
 Beneath him with a spowt.

XIV.

He scheure his feddereme that was schene,
 And slippit out of it full clene,
 And in a myre, up to the ene,
 Amang the glar did glyd.
 The fowlis all at the fedrem dang
 As at a monster thame amang,
 Quhyl all the pennis of it owtsprang
 Intill the air full wyde.

C 2

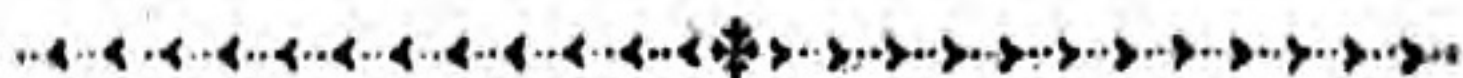
XV.

XV.

And he lay at the plunge evir mair
 Sa lang as any ravin did rair;
 The crawis him focht with cryis of cair
 In every schaw befyde.
 Had he reveild bene to the ruikis,
 Thay had him revin with thair cluikis.
 Thre dayis in dub amang the dukis
 He did with dirt him hyde.

XVI.

The air was dirkit with the fowlis
 That come with yawmeris, and with yowlis,
 With skryking, skryming, and with scowlis,
 To tak him in the tyde.
 I walknit with noyis and schowte,
 So hiddowis beir was me abowte.
 Senfyne I curst that cankirit rowte
 Quhair evir I go or ryde.



D R E A M.

I.

LUCINA schynnyng in filence of the nicht,
 The hevin being all full of sternis bricht,
 To bed I went; bot thair I tuke no rest,
 With havy thocht I wes so foir opprest,
 That fair I langit eftir dayis licht;

Of

Of Fortoun I compleinit hevely,
 That scho to me stude so contrarously ;
 And at the last quhen I had turnyt oft
 For werines, on me an slummer soft
 Come, with ane dreming, and a fantesye.

II.

Methocht Deme Fortoun, with ane fremit cheir,
 Stude me beforne, and said on this maneir.
 Thow suffir me to work gif thow do weill,
 And preifs the nocht to stryfe aganis my quheill,
 Quhilk every wardly thing dois turne and steir.
 Fall mony ane man I turne into the hicht,
 And maks als mony full law to doun licht.
 Up on my staigis or that thow ascend,
 Treist weill thy trouble neir is at ane end,
 Seing thir taiknis, quhairfoir thow mark them richt.

III.

Thy trublit gaist fall neir moir be degeft,
 Nor thow into no benefice beis posselt,
 Quhill that ane abbot him cleith in ernis pennis,
 And fle up in the air amangis the crennis,
 And als ane falcone fair fro eist to west.

IV.

He fall ascend as ane horreble grephoun,
 Him meit fall in the air ane scho dragoun ;
 Thir terrible monstheris fall togidder thrift,
 And in the cludis gett the Antechrist,
 Quhill all the air infeck of their pusoun.

V.

Undir Saturnus fyre regioun
 Symone Magus fall meit him and Mahoun,
 And Merlyne at the mone fall hym be bydand,
 And Jonet the widow on ane beffome rydand,
 Of wichis with an windir garefoun ;
 And fyne thay fall discend with reik and fyre,
 And preiche in erth the Antechryft's impyre.
 Be than it fall be neir this world's end.
 With that this lady fone fra me did wend.

VI.

Quhen I awoke my dreme it wes so nyce,
 Fra every wicht I hid it as a vyce ;
 Quhill I hard tell be mony futhfast wy
 Fle wald an abbot up into the fky,
 And all his fetherine maid wes at devyce.

VII.

Within my hairt confort I take full sone,
 Adew, quoth I, my drery dayis are done.
 Full weill I wist to me wald nevir cum thrift,
 Quhill that twa monis wer sene up in the list,
 Or quhill an abbot flew aboif the mone.

How



How DUNBAR wes desyred to be ane FRIER.

I.

THIS nycht befor the dawning cleir
Methocht Sanct Francis did to me appeir,
With ane religious abbeir in his hand,
And said, In this go cleith the my servand,
Refuse the warld, for thow mon be a freir.

II.

With him and with his abbeir bayth I skarrit,
Like to ane man that with a gaist wes marrit :
Methocht on bed he layid it me abone ;
Bot on the flure delyverly and sone
I lap thairfra, and nevir wald cum nar it.

III.

Quoth he, quhy skarris thow with this holy weid ?
Cloith the tharin, for weir it thow most neid ;
Thow that hes lang done Venus lawis teiche,
Sall now be freir, and in this abbeir preiche :
Delay it nocht, it mon be done but dreid.

IV.

Quoth I, Sanct Francis, loving be the till,
And thankit mot thow be of thy gude will
To me, that of thy clayis ar so kynd ;
Bot thame to weir it nevir come in my mynd :
Sweet confessor, thow tak it nocht in ill.

V.

V.

In haly legendis have I hard allevin,
 Ma sanctis of bischoppis, nor freiris, be sic sevin;
 Of full few freiris that has bene sanctis I reid;
 Quhairfoir ga bring to me ane bischopis weid,
 Gife evir thow wald my faule gaid unto hevin.

VI.

My brethir oft hes maid the supplicatiouns,
 Be epistillis, sermonis, and relatiounis,
 To tak the abyte; bot thow did postpone;
 But ony proces cum on; thairfoir anone
 All circumstance put by and excusationis.

VII.

Gif evir my fortoun wes to be a freir,
 The dait thairof is past full mony a yeir;
 For into every lusty toun and place,
 Off all Yngland, from Berwick to Calice,
 I haif into thy habeit maid gud cheir.

VIII.

In freiris weid full fairly haif I fleichit,
 In it haif I in pulpet gone and preichit
 In Derntoun kirk, and eik in Canterbury;
 In it I past at Dover our the ferry,
 Throw Piccardy, and thair the peple teichit.

IX.

Als lang as I did beir the freiris style,
 In me, God wait, wes mony wrink and wyle;
 In me wes falsset with every wicht to flatter,
 Quhilk mycht be flemit with na haly watter;
 I wes ay reddy all men to begyle.

X.

This freir that did Sanct Francis thair appeir,
Ane fieind he wes in liknes of ane freir ;
He vaneist away with stynk and fyrrie smowk ;
With him methocht all the house end he towk,
And I awoik as wy that wes in weir.



I.

OF Februar the fiftene nycht,
Richt lang befoir the dayis lycht,
I lay intill a trance ;
And then I saw baith hevin and hell ;
Methocht amangis the feyndis fell,
Mahoun gart cry ane dance,
Of shrewis that wer nevir schrevin,
Against the feist of Fasternis evin,
To mak thair observance ;
He bad gallands ga graith a gyis,
And cast up gamountis in the skyis,
The last came out of France.

II.

Lat se, quoth he, now quha beginis :
With that the fowll sevin deidly finis
Begowth to leip atanis.
And first of all in dance wes *Pryd*,
With hair wyld bak, bonet on fyd,
Lyk to mak vaistie wanis ;

And

And round about him as a quheill,
 Hang all in rumpillis to the heill,
 His kethat for the nanis.

Mony proud trumpour with him trippit,
 Throw skaldan fyre ay as they skippit,
 They girnd with hyddous granis.

III.

Heilie Harlottis in hawtane wyis
 Come in with mony findrie gyis,
 Bot yet luche nevir Mahoun,
 Quhill preiftis cum with bair fchevin nekks,
 Than all the feynds lewche, and maid gekks,
Black-belly and Bawfy-Brown.

IV.

Than *Yre* come in with sturt and stryfe;
 His hand wes ay upoun his knyfe,
 He brandeist lyk a beir;
 Boftaris, braggaris, and barganeris,
 Eftir him passit into pairis,
 All bodin in feir of weir.
 In Jakkis, stryppis, and bonnettis of steill,
 Thair leggis wer cheniyet to the heill,
 Frawart wes thair affeir;
 Sum upoun uder with brands beft,
 Sum jagit utheris to the heft,
 With knyvis that scherp coud scheir.

V.

Next in the dance followit *Invy*,
 Fild full of feid and felony,
 Hid malice and despyte.

For

For pryvie haterit that tratour trymlit,
 Him followit mony freik diffymlit,
 With fenyeit wordis quhyte.
 And flattereris into menis facis,
 And back-byttaris of fundry racis,
 To ley that had delyte,
 With rownaris of fals lesingis;
 Allace! that courtis of noble kingis,
 Of thame can nevir be quyte.

VI.

Next him in dans come *Cuvaltyce*,
 Rute of all evill, and grund of vyce,
 That nevir coud be content;
 Catyvis, wrechis, and Ockeraris,
 Hud-pykis, hurdars, and gadderaris,
 All with that *Warlo* went:
 Out of thair throttis they shot on udder
 Hett moltin gold, methocht, a fudder
 As fyre-flaucht maist fervent;
 Ay as thay tunit thame of schot,
 Feynds fild thame well up to the thrott,
 With gold of all kynd prent.

VII.

Syne *Sweirnes*, at the secound bidding,
 Com lyk a sow out of a midding,
 Full slepy wes his grunye.
 Mony sweir bumbard belly huddroun,
 Mony flute daw, and slepy duddroun,
 Him servit ay with founyie.

He

He drew thame furth intill a chenyie,
 And Belliall, with a brydill renyie,
 Evir lascht thame on the lunyie.
 In dance thay war so flaw of feit,
 They gaif thame in the fyre a heit,
 And maid them quicker of counyie.

VIII.

Than *Lichery*, that lathly coris,
 Berand lyk a bagit horis,
 And *Idilness* did him leid;
 Thair wes with him an ugly fort,
 And mony stinkand fowll tramort,
 That had in syn bene deid:
 Quhen thay were enterit in the daunce,
 Thay wer full strenge of countenance,
 Lyk turkas burnand reid;

* * * * *
 * * * * *

It mycht be na remeid.

IX.

Than the fowll monstir *Gluttony*,
 Of wame unafiable and gredy,
 To dance syn did him drefs;
 Him followet mony foull drunckhart,
 With can and collep, cop and quart,
 In surffet and excefs.
 Full mony a waistless wally-drag,
 With waimis unweildable, did furth wag,
 In creische that did increfs.

Drynk

DUNBAR'S POEMS.

Drynk, ay thay cryit, with mony a gaip,
The feynds gave them hait leid to laip,
Thair lovery wes na lefs.

X.

Na menstralls playit to thame but dowl,
For gle-men thair wer haldin out,
Be day, and eik by nycht;
Except a menstrall that flew a man;
Sa till his heretage he wan,
And entirt be breif of richt.

XI.

Than cryd Mahoun for a Heleand Padyane;
Syn ran a feynd to fetch Makfadyane,
Far northwart in a nuke;
Be he the Correnoth had done schout,
Erfche men so gadderit him about,
In hell grit rume thay tuke:
Thae tarmegantis, with tag and tatter,
Full loud in Erfche begowt to clatter,
And rowp lyk revin and ruke.
The devill sa devit wes with thair yell,
That in the depest pot of hell
He smorit thame with smuke.

D

The



The SWEIRERS and the DEVILL.

I.

THIS nycht in sleip I was agast,
Methocht the devill wes tempand fast
The people with aithis of crewaltie,
Sayand, as throw the merkat he past,
Renunce thy God, and cum to me.

II.

Methocht as he went throw the way,
Ane preist sweirit braid, be God verey,
Quhilk at the alter restavit he;
Thow art my clerk, the devill can say,
Renunce thy God, and cum to me.

III.

Than swoir a courtyour mekle of pryde
Be Chrystis woundis bludy and wyd,
And be his harmes wes rent on tre.
Than spak the devill, hard him besyd,
Renunce thy God, and cum to me.

IV.

Ane merchand, his geir as he did sell,
Renuncit his part of hevin and hell;
The devill said, Welcum mot thow be,
Thou fall be merchand for my sell,
Renunce thy God, and cum to me.

V.

Ane goldsmith said, The golds sa fyne
 That all the warkmanschip I tyne;
 The feind ressaif me gif I lie;
 Think on, quoth the devill, that thow art mine,
 Renunce thy God, and cum to me.

VI.

Ane tailyor said, In all this toun,
 Be thair ane better weil maid gown,
 I gif me to the feynd all fre;
 Gramercy, tailyor, said Mahoun,
 Renunce thy God, and cum to me.

VII.

Ane sountar said, In gud effek,
 Nor I be hangit be the nek,
 Gife bettir butis of ledder ma be;
 Fy, quoth the feynd, thou sawris of blek,
 Go clenge the clene, and cum to me.

VIII.

Ane baxstar sayd, I forsaik God,
 And all his werkis, evin and od,
 Gif fairar stuff neidis to be;
 The devill luche, and on him cowth nod,
 Renunce thy God, and cum to me.

IX.

The fleshour swoir be the sacrament,
 And be Chryst's blud maist innocent,
 Nevir fatter flesch saw man with ee;
 The devill said, hald on thy intent,
 Renunce thy God, and cum to me.

X.

X.

The maltman fayis, I God forsaik,
 And that the devill of hell me taik,
 Gif ony bettir malt may be,
 And of this kill I haif inlaik;
 Renunce thy God, and cum to me.

XI.

Ane browstar swore the malt wes ill,
 Baith reid and reikit on the kill,
 That it will be na aill for me,
 Ane boll will not sex gallonis fill;
 Renunce thy God, and cum to me.

XII.

The smith swoir be røde and raip,
 Intill a gallowis mot I gaip,
 Gif I ten dayis wan pennies thre,
 For with that craft I can nocht thraip;
 Renunce thy God, and cum to me.

XIII.

Ane menstrall said, The feind me ryfe,

* * * * *

The devill said, hardly mot it be,
 Exerce that craft in all thy lyfe,
 Renunce thy God, and cum to me.

XIV.

Ane dyfour said, with words of ftryfe,
 The devill mot stik him with a knyfe,
 But he kest up fair syffis thre;
 The devill said, Endit is thy life,
 Renunce thy God, and cum to me.

XV.

XV.

Ane theif said, Ill that evir I chaip,
 Nor ane stark widdy gar me gaip,
 But I in hell for geir wald be ;
 The devill said, Welcum in a raip,
 Renunce thy God, and cum to me.

XVI.

The fische-wyffis flet, and swoir with grainis,
 And to the feind fauld flesche and banis ;
 Thay gaif thame with ane schout on hie ;
 The devill said, Welcum all at ainis,
 Renunce your God, and cum to me.

XVII.

Methocht the devills als black as pik,
 Soliffand wer, as beis thik,
 Ay tempand folk with wayis flie ;
 Rounand to *Robene* and to *Dik*,
 Renunce thy God, and cum to me.

.....

The TESTAMENT of MR ANDRO KENNEDY.

I.

I Master Andro Kennedy,
A (matre) quando sum vocatus,
 Begotten with sum incuby,
 Or with sum freir *infatuatus* ;
 In faith I can nocht tell redely,
Unde aut ubi fui natus,
 Bot in truth I trow trewly,
Quod sum diabolus incarnatus.

II.

Cum nihil sit certius morte,
 We man all de quhen we haif done ;
Nescimus quando, vel qua sorte,
 Nor blynd allane wait of the mone.
Ego patior in pectore,
 Throw nicht I mycht nocht sleip a wink ;
Licet æger in corpore,
 Yet wald my mouth be watt with drink.

III.

Nunc condo testamentum meum,
 I leif my faul for evirmair,
Per omnipotentem Deum,
 Into my lordis wyne-cellar ;
Semper ibi ad remanendum
 Till domesday cum without dissiver,
Bonum vinum ad bibendum
 With sweit Cuthbert that lufit me nevir.

IV.

Ipse est dulcis ad amandum,
 He wuld oft ban me in his breth,
Det mihi modo ad potandum,
 And I forgaif him laith and wreth.
Quia in cellar cum cervisia,
 I had lever ly baith air and lait,
Nudus solus in camisia,
 Than in my lordis bed of stait.

V.

V.

Ane barrel being ay at my bosom,
 Of warldly gude I bad na mair;
Et corpus meum ebriosum,
 I leif unto the town of Air;
 In ane draff midding for evir and ay,
Ut ibi sepeliri queam,
 Quhair drink and draff may ilka day
 Be castin *super faciem meam.*

VI.

I leif my hairt that nevir wes sicker,
Sed semper variabile,
 That evir mair wald flow and flicker,
Conforti meo Jacobo Wylie:
 Thoch I wald bind it with a wicker,
Verum Deum renui;
 Bot and I hecht to tume a bicker,
Hoc pactum semper tenui.

VII.

Syne leif I the best aucht I bocht,
Quod est Latinum propter cape,
 To the heid of my kin; but waite I nocht,
Quis est ille, than schro my skape.
 I tald my Lord my heid, but hiddill,
Sed nulli alii hoc sciverunt,
 We wer als sib as seif and riddill,
In una silva quæ creverunt.

VIII.

VIII.

Quia mea solatia

They wer bot lesingis all and ane,

Cum omni fraude et fallacia,

I leive the maister of Sanct Anthane,

William Gray, *sine gratia,*

My ain deir cufine, as I wene,

Qui nunquam fabricat mendacia,

But quhen the Holene tree growis grene.

IX.

My fenyeing, and my fals winning,

Relinquo falsis fratribus ;

For that is Gods awin bidding,

Disparfit, dedit pauperibus.

For mens faulis they say and sing,

Mentientes pro muneribus ;

Now God give thaime ane evill ending,

Pro suis pravis operibus.

X.

To Jok the fule, my foly fre

Lego post corpus sepultum ;

In faith I am mair fule than he,

Licet ostendo bonum vultum.

Of corne and cattell, gold and fie,

Ipse habet valde multum,

And yit he bleiris my lordis ee,

Fingendo eum fore stultum.

XI.

XI.

To Maister Johney Clerk syne,
Do et lego intime
 Gods braid malefone, and myne;
Nam ipse est causa mortis meæ.
 Wer I a doig and he a fwyne,
Multi mirantur super me,
 Bot I fould gar that lurdoun quhryne,
Scribendo dentes sine D.

XII.

Residuum omnium bonorum
 For to dispone my lord fal haif,
Cum tutela puerorum,
 Baith Adie, Kittie, and all the laif.
 In faith I will na langer raif,
Pro sepultura ordino
 On the new gyse, sa God me saif,
Non sicut more solito.

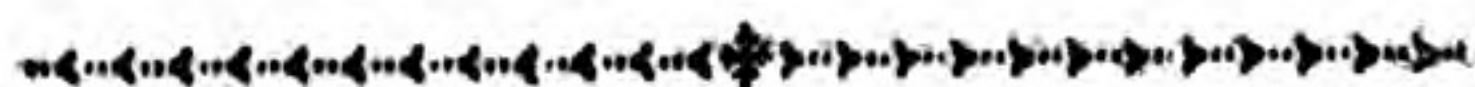
XIII.

In die meæ sepulturæ,
 I will have nane but our awin gang,
Et duos rusticos de rure
 Berand ane barrell on a stang,
 Drinkand and playand cap-out; even
Sicut egomet solebam,
 Singand and greitand with the stevin,
Potum meum cum fletu miscebam.

XIV.

XIV.

I will no preistis for me sing,
Dies ille, dies iræ ;
 Nor yet na bellis for me ring,
Sicut semper solet fieri ;
 But a bag-pyp to play a spring,
Et unum ale-wisp ante me ;
 Insteid of torchis, for to bring
Quatuor lagenas cervisiæ,
 Within tha graif to sett, fit thing,
In modum crucis juxta me,
 To fle the feyndis, than hardly sing.
De terra plasmasti me.

TYDINGS *fra the* SESSIOUN.

I.

ANE murelandis man of uplandis mak,
 At hame thus to his nychbour spak,
 Quhat tidings, goffep? peax or weir?
 The tother rounit in his eir,
 I tell yow this under confessioun,
 But laitly lichtit of my meir,
 I come of Edinburgh fra the sessioun.

III.

II.

Quhat tydingis hard ye thair, I pray yow?
 The tother answerit, I fall say yow;
 Keip this all secreit, gentill brother,
 Is na man thair that trestis an uther:
 Ane common doer of transgressioun,
 Of innocent folkis prevenis a futher:
 Sic tydings hard I at the sessioun.

III.

Sum with his fallow rownis him to pleis
 That wald for envy byt aff his neis.
 His fa him by the oxtar leidis;
 Sum patteris with his mowth on beids,
 That hes his mynd all on oppressioun;
 Sum beakis full law, and schawis bair heidis,
 Wald luke full heich war not the sessioun.

IV.

Sum bidand the law, layis land in wed;
 Sum superexpendit gois to his bed;
 Sum speidis, for he in court hes meins;
 Sum of partialitie complenis,
 How feid and favour flemis discretioun;
 Sum speikis full fair, and falsly fenis:
 Sic thingis hard I at the sessioun.

V.

V.

Sum casts summondis, and sum exceptis ;
 Sum stand besyd and skaild law keppis ;
 Sum is concludit, sum wins, sum tynes ;
 Sum makis him mirry at the wynis ;
 Sum is put out of his possessioun ;
 Sum herreit, and on credens dynis :
 Sic tydings hard I at the sessioun.

VI.

Sum sweiris, and forsaikis God ;
 Sum in ane lamb-skin is ane tod ;
 Sum in his tung his kyndness turfis ;
 Sum cuttis throattis, and sum pykis purfis ;
 Sum gois to gallows with proceffioun ;
 Sum fains the fait, and sum thame curfis :
 Syc tydingis hard I at the sessioun.

VII.

Religious men of divers placis
 Cum thair to wow, and se fair faces ;
 Baith Carmelitis and Cordilleris
 Cumis thair to genner and get ma freiris,
 And ar unmindfull of thair professioun ;
 The yunger at the eldair leiris :
 Tydings hard I at the sessioun.

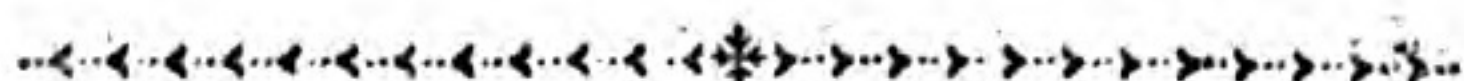
VIII.

VIII.

Thair cumis yung monkis of he complexioun,
Of devoit mynd, lue, and affectioun;

And in the courte thair hait flesche dantis,
Full fader-lyk, with pechis and pantis;
Thay ar so hummill of intercessioun,

All mercifull wemen thair errand grantis:
Sic tydings hard I at the fessioun.



A GENERAL SATYRE.

I.

DEVORIT with dreim, deviang in my slumber,
How that this realme, with nobillis out of number
Gydit, provydit sa mony years hes bene;
And now sic hunger, sic cowartis, and sic cumber,
Within this land was nevir hard nor sene.

II.

Sic pryd with prellattis, so few till preiche and pray,
Sic hant of harlottis with thame, bayth nicht and day,
That fowld haif ay thair God afore thair ene,
So nice array, so strange to thair abbay,
Within this land was nevir hard nor sene.

III.

So mony preistis cled up in secular weid,
With blasing breistis casting thair claiths on breid,
It is no need to tell of quhome I mene,
To quhome the Psalme and Testament to reid,
Within this land was nevir hard nor sene.

E

IV.

IV.

So mony maisteris, so mony guckit clerkis,
 So mony westaris, to God and all his warkis,
 So fyry sparkis, of dispyt fro the splene,
 Sic losin farkis, so mony glengour markis,
 Within this land was nevir hard nor sene.

V.

So mony lords, so mony naturall fules,
 That bettir accordis to play thame at the trulis,
 Nor seis the dulis that commons dois sustene,
 New tane fra sculis; so mony anis and mulis,
 Within this land was nevir hard nor sene.

VI.

Sa meikle treffone, sa mony partial sawis,
 Sa littill reffone, to help the common cawis,
 That all the lawis ar not set by ane bene;
 Sic fenyiet flawis, sa mony wastit wawis,
 Within this land was nevir hard nor sene.

VII.

Sa mony theivis and murderis weil kend,
 Sa grit releivis of lords thame to defend,
 Becauis they spend the pelf thame betwene,
 Sa few till wend this mischeif, till amend,
 Within this land was nevir hard nor sene.

VIII.

This to correct, they schow with mony crakkis,
 But littill effect of speir or battar ax,
 Quhen curage lakkis the coris that sould mak kene;
 Sa mony jakkis, and brattis on beggaris bakkis,
 Within this land was nevir hard nor sene.

IX.

IX.

Sic vant of woustours with haitis in sinful statures,
 Sic brallaris and bofteris, degenerait fra their natures,
 And sic regratouris, the pure men to prevene;
 Sa mony traytouris, sa mony rubeatouris,
 Within this land was nevir hard nor fene.

X.

Sa mony jugeis and lords now maid of late,
 Sa small refugeis the pure man to debait;
 Sa mony estate, for commoun weil sa quhene,
 Owre all the gait, sa mony thevis sa tait,
 Within this land was nevir hard nor fene.

XI.

Sa mony ane sentence retreitit, for to win
 Geir and acquaintance, or kyndness of thair kin;
 Thay think no fin, quhair proffeit cumis betwene;
 Sa mony a gin, to haist thame to the pin,
 Within this land was nevir hard nor fene.

XII.

Sic knavis and crakkaris, to play at carts and dyce,
 Sic halland-scheckaris, quhilk at *Cowkelbyis* gryce,
 Are haldin of pryce, when lymaris do convene,
 Sic store of vyce, sa mony wittis unwyfe,
 Within this land was nevir hard nor fene.

XIII.

Sa mony merchandis, sa mony are menfworne,
 Sic pure tenandis, sic cursing evin and morn,
 Quhilk slayis the corn, and fruct that growis grene;
 Sic skaith and sorne, sa mony paitlattis worne,
 Within this land was nevir hard nor fene.

XIV.

Sa mony rackettis, sa mony ketcche-pillaris,
 Sic ballis, sic nachettis, and sic tutivillaris,
 And sic evil-willaris to speik of King and Quene,
 Sic pudding-fillaris, descending doun from millaris,
 Within this land was nevir hard nor sene.

XV.

Sic fartingailis on flaggis als fatt as quhailis,
 Fattit lyk fulis with hattis that littil availis;
 And sic fowill tailis to sweip the calsay clene,
 The dust upskaillis, mony fillok—————
 Within this land was nevir hard nor sene.

XVI.

Sa mony ane Kittie, drest up with goldin chenyes,
 Sa few witty, that weil can fabillis fenye,
 With apill renyeis ay shawand hir goldin chene,
 Of Sathanis feinye, sure sic an unfaul menyie
 Within this land was nevir hard nor sene.

DISCRETIOUN *in Asking.*

I.

OF every asking followis nocht
 Rewaird, bot gif sum caus wer wrocht;
 And quhair caus is, men weil ma fie;
 And quhair nane is, it will be thocht
 In asking sould Discretioun be.

II.

II.

Ane fule, thocht he haif caus or nane,
Cryis ay, gif me into a drene ;

And he that dronis ay as ane bee
Sould haif an heirar dull as stane ;
In asking sould Discretioun be.

III.

Sum askis mair than he deservis,
Sum askis far les than he servis,

Sum schames to ask as braids of me,
And all without reward he stervis ;
In asking sould Discretioun be.

IV.

To ask but service hurts gud fame,
To ask for service is not blame ;

To serve and leif in beggartie,
To man and maistir is baith schame ;
In asking sould Discretioun be.

V.

He that dois all his best fervyis,
May spill it all with crakkis and cryis,
Be foul inoportunitie ;

Few wordis may serve the wyis ;
In asking sould Discretioun be.

VI.

Nocht neidfull is men fuld be dum,
Nathing is gotin but wordis sum,
Nocht sped but diligence we se ;

For nathing it allane will cum ;
In asking sould Discretioun be.

VII.

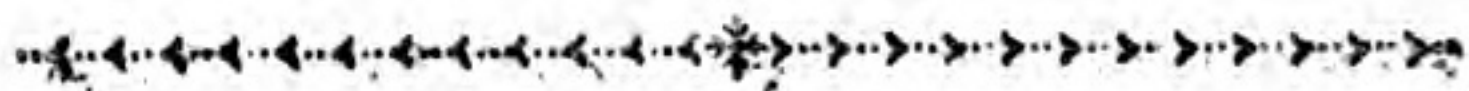
Asking wald haif convenient place,
 Convenient tyme, lasar, and space;
 But haift or preis of grit menye,
 But hairt abasit, but toung reckles;
 In asking sould Discretioun be.

VIII.

Sum micht haif (ye) with littill cure,
 That hes aft (nay) with grit labour,
 All for that tyme not byde can he;
 He tynis baith errand and honour;
 In asking sould Discretioun be.

IX.

Suppois the fervand be lang unquit,
 The Lord sumtyme rewaird will it,
 Gif he dois not, quhat remedy?
 To fecht with fortoun is no wit;
 In asking sould Discretioun be.

DISCRETIOUN *of Giving.*

I.

TO speik of gift or almous deidis,
 Sum gevis for mereit and for meidis;
 Sum, wardly honour to up hie,
 Gevis to thame that nothing neidis;
 In geving sould Discretioun be.

II.

II.

Sum gevis for pryd and glory vane,
Sum gevis with grudgeing and with pane,
Sum gevis in prattik for supple,
Sum gevis for twyis als gud agane;
In geving fould Discretioun be.

III.

Sum gevis for thank, sum cheritie,
Sum gevis money, and sum gevis meit,
Sum gevis wordis fair and fle,
Giftis fra sum ma na man treit;
In geving fould Discretioun be.

IV.

Sum is for gift sa lang requyred,
Quhill that the crevir be so tyred,
That or the gift deliverit be,
The thank is frustrat and expyred;
In geving fould Discretioun be.

V.

Sum gevis so littill full wretchedly,
That his giftis are not fet by,
And for a huide-pyk haldin is he,
That all the world cryis on him, fy!
In geving fould discretioun be.

VI.

Sum in his geving is so large,
That all oure-laidin is his berge,
Throw vyce and prodigalite,
Thairef his honour dois dischairge;
In geving fould Discretioun be.

VII.

VII.

Sum to the riche gevis geir,
 That micht his giftis weill forbeir;
 And thocht the peur for salt fould de,
 His cry nocht enteris in his eir;
 In geving fould Discretioun be.

VIII.

Sum gevis to strangeris with face new,
 That yisterday fra Flanderis flew;
 And auld fervantis list not se,
 War thay nevir of sa grit vertew;
 In geving fould Discretioun be.

IX.

Sum gevis to thame can ask and plenyie,
 Sum gevis to thame can flattir and fenyie;
 Sum gevis to men of honestie,
 And haldis all jangealaris at disdenyie;
 In geving fould Discretioun be.

X.

Sum gettis giftis and riche arrayis
 To sweir all that his maister sayis,
 Thocht all the contrair weill knawis he;
 Ar mony sic now in thir dayis;
 In geving fould Discretioun be.

XI.

Sum gevis gud men for thair gud kewis,
 Sum gevis to trumpouris and to schrewis,
 Sum gevis to knaw his awtoritie;
 But in thair office gude fundin few is;
 In geving fould Discretioun be.

XII.

XII.

Sum gevis parochynis full wyd,
 Kirkis of Sanct Barnard and Sanct Bryd,
 To teiche, to rewill, and to ovirfie,
 That he na wit hes thame to gyd;
 In geving fould Discretioun be.

DISCRETIOUN *in Taking.*

I.

EFTIR geving I speik of taking,
 Bot littill of ony gud forsaiking;
 Sum takkis our littill autoritie,
 And sum oure-mekle, and that is glaiking;
 In taking fould Discretioun be.

II.

The clerkis takis beneficis with brawlis,
 Sum of Sanct Peter, and sum of Sanct Paulis;
 Tak he the rentis, no cair hes he,
 Suppois the divill tak all thair fawlis;
 In taking fould Discretioun be.

III.

Barronis takis fra the tennentis peure,
 All fruitt that growis on the feure,
 In mailis and gersomes raisit our he,
 And garris thame beg fra dure to dure;
 In taking fould Discretioun be.

IV.

IV.

Sum takis uthir mennis takkis,
 And on the peure oppressioun makkis,
 And never remembris that he mon die,
 Quhyl that the gallowis gar him rax;
 In taking fould Discretioun be.

V.

Sum takis be fie and be land,
 And nevir fra taking hald thair hand,
 Quhill he be tyit up to ane tre;
 And syn thay gar him understand,
 In taking fould Discretioun be.

VI.

Sum wald tak all his nychbouris geir;
 Had he of man als littill feir
 As he hes dreid that God him see,
 To tak than fuld he nevir forbeir;
 In taking fould Discretioun be.

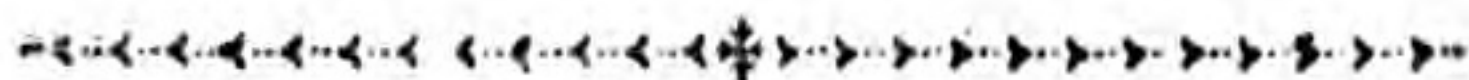
VII.

Sum wald tak all this world's breid,
 And yet not fatisfeit of thair neid,
 Throw hairt unsatiabie and gredie;
 Sum wald tak littill, and can not speid;
 In taking fould Discretion be.

VIII.

Grit men for taking and oppressioun
 Ar fet full famous at the sessioun,
 And peur takaris are hangit hie,
 Schamit for evir, and thair successioun;
 In taking fould Discretioun be.

Ane



Ane his awin ENNEMY.

I. •

HE that hes gold and grit riches,
 And may be into myrrinefs,
 And dois gladnefs fra him expell,
 And levis into wretchitnefs,
 He wirkis sorrow to him fell.

II.

He that may be but sturt or stryfe,
 And leif ane lusty plesand lyfe,
 And syne with mariege dois him mell,
 And binds him with ane wicket wyfe,
 He wirkis sorrow to him fell.

III.

He that hes for his awin genyie
 And plesand prop, bot mank or menyie,
 And shuttis syne at an uncow schell,
 And is forfain with the fleis of Spenyie,
 He wirkis sorrow to him fell.

IV.

And he that with gud lyfe and trewth,
 But variance or uder slewth,
 Dois evir mair with ane maister dwell,
 That nevir of him will haif no rewth,
 He wirkis sorrow to him fell.

V.

III.

Follow on petie, fle truble and debait,
 With famous folkis hald thy cumpany ;
 Be charitabill and humyll in thyne estait,
 For wardly honour lestis bot a cry ;
 For truble in erd tak no mallancoly,
 Be riche in patience, gif thow in guds be pure,
 Quha levis mirry he levis michtely ;
 Without glaidnes awailis no tressour.

IV.

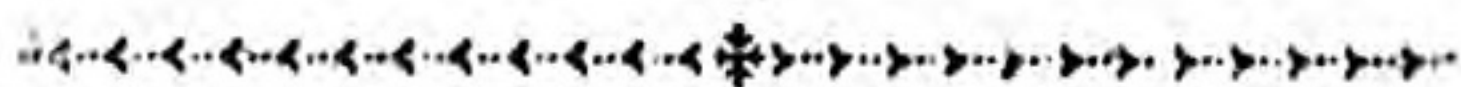
Thow feis thir wrechis sett with sorrow and cair,
 To gaddir gudis in all thair lyvis space ;
 And quhen thair baggis ar full thair selfis ar bair,
 And of thair riches bot the keping hes ;
 Quhill uthiris cum to spend it that hes grace,
 Quilk of thy winning no labour had nor cure :
 Tak thow example, and spend with mirrines,
 Without glaidnes awailis no tressour.

V.

Thocht all the werk that evir had levand wicht
 Wer only thyne, no moir thy pairt dois fall,
 Bot meit, drink, clais, and of the laif a sicht,
 Yit to the juge thow fall gif compt of all ;
 Ane raknyng rycht cumis of ane ragment small :
 Be just and joyius, and do to none enjure,
 And trewth fall mak the strang as ony wall ;
 Without glaidnes awailis no tressour.

F

Advice



ADVICE *to spend anes awin* GUDES.

I.

MAN, sen thy lyfe is ay in weir,
 And deid is evir drawand neir,
 Thy tyme unficker and the place,
 Thyne awin gude spend quhill thow hes space.

II.

Gif it be thyne, thy self it usis,
 Gif it be not, the it refusis;
 Ane uthir of the profite hes;
 Thyne awin gude spend quhill thow hes space.

III.

Thow may to day haif gude to spend,
 And hestely to morne fra it wend,
 And leif ane uthir thy baggis to brais;
 Thyne awin gude spend quhill thow hes space.

IV.

Quhile thou hes space, se thou dispone,
 That for thy geir, quhen thou art gone,
 No wicht ane uder flay or chace;
 Thyne awin gude spend quhill thow hes space.

V.

Sum all his dayis dryvis our in vane,
 Ay gadderand geir with forrow and pane,
 And nevir is glaid at Yule nor Pais;
 Thyne awin gude spend quhill thow hes space.

VL

VI.

Syne cumg ane uder glaid of his sorrow,
That for him prayit nowdir evin nor morrow,
And fangis it all with mirrynais ;
Thyne awin gude spend quhill thow hes space.

VII.

Sum grit gud gadderis, and ay it spairs,
And efter him thair cumis yung airis,
That his auld thrift fettis on an ace ;
Thyne awin gude spend quhill thow hes space.

VIII.

It is all thyne that thou heir spends,
And nocht all that on the depends,
Bot his to spend it that hes grace ;
Thyne awin gude spend quhill thow hes space.

IX.

Trest nocht ane uther will do the to,
It that thyself wald nevir do ;
For gif thou dois, strenge is thy cace ;
Thyne awin gude spend quhill thow hes space.

X.

Luk how the bairne dois to the muder,
And tak example be nane udder,
That it nocht eftir be thy cace ;
Thyne awin gude spend quhill thow hes space.



BEST *to be* BLYTH.

I.

FULL oft I muse, and hes in thocht,
How this fals world is ay on flocht,
Quhair nothing ferme is nor degest;
And when I haif my mynd all socht,
For to be blyth me think it best.

II.

This world evir dois flicht and wary,
Fortoun fa fast hir quheill dois cary ;
Na tyme but turne can tak rest,
For quhois false change suld none be fary ;
For to be blyth me think it best.

III.

Wald man confidder in mynd rycht weil,
Or fortoun on him turn her quheill,
That erdly honour may nocht leif,
His fall lefs panefull he fuld feill;
For to be blyth me think it beft.

IV.

Quha with this warld dois warfell and stryfe,
And dois his dayis in dolour dryfe,
Thocht he in lordschip be posselt,
He levis bot ane wrechit life;
For to be blyth me think it best.

V.

Of wardlis gud and grit riches,
 Quhat frucht hes man but mirrines?
 Thocht he this warld had eist and west,
 All wer povertie but glaidnes;
 For to be blyth me think it best.

VI.

Quho fuld for tynfall drown or de,
 For thyng that is bot vanitie;
 Sen to the lyfe that ever dois lest,
 Heir is bot twynklyng of an ee;
 For to be blyth me think it best.

VII.

Had I for warld's unkyndnes
 In hairt tane ony havines,
 Or fro my plesans bene opprest,
 I had bene deid langsyne dowlles;
 For to be blyth me think it best.

VIII.

How evir this warld do change and vary,
 Lat us in hairt nevir moir be fary,
 Bot evir be reddy and addrest,
 To pass out of this frawfull fary;
 For to be blyth me think it best.



Of DEMING.

I.

HOW fowld I rewilt me, or quhat wyis,
 I wald sum wyisman wald dewyis;

I cannot leif in no degre,
But sum will my maneris dispyis ;
Lord God how fall I governe me.

II.

Gife I be galland, lusty and blyth,
Than will thay say on me full fwyth,
That out of mynd yon man is hie,
Or sum hes done him confort kyth ;
Lord God how fall I governe me.

III.

Gife I be sorrowfull and sad,
Than will thay say that I am mad,
I do bot drowp as I wold die ;
Thus will thay say baith man and lad ;
Lord God how fall I governe me.

IV.

Gife I be lusty in array,
Than lue I paramours thay say,
Or in my hairt is prowde and hie,
Or ellis I haif it sum wrang way ;
Lord God how fall I governe me.

V.

Gife I be nocht weill als befeme,
Than twa and twa sayis thame betwene,
That evill he gydis yone man trewlie,
Lo be his claithis it may be fene ;
Lord God how fall I governe me.

VI.

Gife I be fene in court ovir lang,
Than will thay murmur thaim amang,

My

VII.

VIII.

IX.

.....

Of DEMING.

I.

II.

II.

For thocht I be ane crownit king,
Yit fall I not eschew deming ;
Sum callis me guid, sum sayis I lie,
Sum cravis of God to end my ring,
So fall I not undemit me.

III.

Be I ane Lord, and not lord-lyk,
Than every pelour and purs-pyk
Sayis, Land war bettir warit on me ;
Thocht he dow not to leid a tyk,
Yit can he not lat deming be.

IV.

Be I ane lady fresche and fair,
With gentillmen makand repair,
Than will thay say, baith scho and he,
(I am dishonorit) lait and air ;
Thus fall I not undemit be.

V.

Be I an courtman, or an knycht,
Honestly cled that cumis me richt,
Ane prydfull man than call thay me :
Bot God send thame a widdy wicht,
That cannot lat sic deming be.

VI.

Be I bot littill of stature,
Thay call me catyvè createure ;
And be I grit of quantetie,
Thay call me monstrowis of nature ;
Thus can thay not lat deming be.

VII.

VII.

And be I ornat in my speiche,
 Than *Tousy* sayis, I am sa streich,
 I speik not lyk thair hous menyie;
 Suppois her mouth misters a leiche,
 Yit can scho not lat deming be.

VIII.

But wist thir folkis that uthir demis,
 How that thair sawis to uthir femis,
 Thair vicious wordis and vanitie,
 Thair tratling tungis that all furth temis,
 Sum wald lat thair deming be.

IX.

Gude *James* the Ferd, our nobill king,
 Quhen that he was of yeiris ying,
 In sentens said full subtillie,
Do weil, and sett nocht by demying,
For no man fall undemit be.

X.

And so I fall with Goddis grace,
 Keip his command into that cace,
 Beseiking ay the TRINITYE,
 In hevin that I may haif an place,
 For thair fall no man demit be.

.....✱.....

To the KING.

I.

SCHIR, yit remembir as of befoir,
 How that my yowth I done forloir

In

In your service with pane and greif,
 Gud consciens cryis, reward thairfoir;
 Excess of thocht dois me mischeif.

II.

Your clerkis ar servit all about,
 And I do lyk ane reid halk schout,
 To cum to lure that hes no leif,
 Quhair my plumyis begynis to brek out;
 Excess of thocht dois me mischeif.

III.

Forfett is ay the falconis kynd;
 But evir the mittane is hard in mynd,
 Of quhome the gled dois prettikis preif,
 The gentill goishalk gois unkynd;
 Excess of thocht dois me mischeif.

IV.

The pyet with hir pretty cot,
 Fenyeis to sing the nyctingalis not;
 Bot scho can nevir the corchat cleif,
 For harshness of hir earlich throt;
 Excess of thocht dois me mischeif.

V.

Ay farest faderis hes farrest fowlis;
 Suppois thay haif no sang bot youlis,
 In silver caigis thay sit at cheif;
 Kynd natyve nest dois clek bot owlis;
 Excess of thocht dois me mischeif.

VI.

O gentill egill, how may this be,
 That of all fowlis dois heest fle;

Your

Your legis quhy will ye nocht releif,
And chereis eftir thair degre?

Excefs of thocht dois me mifcheif.

VII.

Quhen fervit is all udir man,
Gentill and femple of every clan,
Kyne of *Rauf Colyard*, and *Jobne* the reif,
Nathing I get, na conquest than;

Excefs of thocht dois me mifcheif.

VII.

Thocht I in court be maid refus,
And haif few vertewis for to rus;
Yet am I cumin of Adame and Eif,
And fane wald leif as uderis dois;

Excefs of thocht dois me mifcheif.

IX.

Or I fuld leif in sic mifchance,
Gif it to God war no grevance,
To be a pyk-thank I wald preif,
For thay on warld wantis no plefans;

Excefs of thocht dois me mifcheif.

X.

In fum parte on my felf I pleny,
Quhen udir folkis dois flattir and fenye;

Allace! I can bot ballattis breif,
Sic bairnheid biddis my brydill renye;

Excefs of thocht dois me mifcheif.

XI.

I grant my fervice is bot licht;
Thairfoir of mercy, and nocht of richt,

I ask

I ask you, Schir, no man to greif;
Sum medecyne gife that ye micht;
Excefs of thocht dois me mifcheif.

XII.

May nane remeid my melady
Sa weill as ye, Schir, veraly;
For with a benefice ye may preif,
And gif I mend nocht heftely;
Excefs of thocht dois me mifcheif.

XIII.

I wes in yowth on nureis kne,
Dandely, Bifchop, dandely;
And quhen that ege now dois me greif,
Ane femple vicar I can nocht be;
Excefs of thocht dois me mifcheif.

XIV.

Jok that wes wont to keip the ftirkis,
Can now draw him ane cleik of kirkis,
With ane fals tant into his fleif,
Worth all my ballattis undir the birkis;
Excefs of thocht dois me mifchief.

XV.

Twa curis or thre hes upolandis Michell,
With dispensatiouns bund in a knitchell;
Thocht he fra nolt had new tane leif,
He playis with *totum*, and I with *nichell*;
Excefs of thocht dois me mifcheif.

XVI.

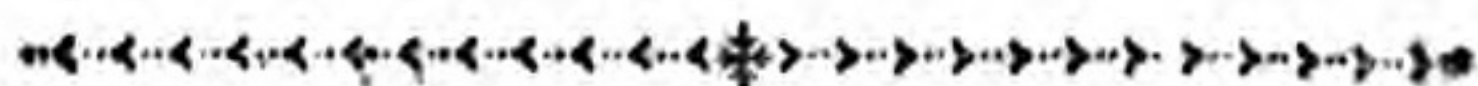
How fuld I leif that is nocht landit,
Nor yit with benefice am I blandit;

I fay

I say nocht, Schir, you to repreif,
 Bot doutles I ga rycht neir handit;
 Excess of thocht dois me mischeif.

XVII.

As fauls is heir in purgatory,
 Leving in pane and houp of glory;
 Seand myself I haif belief,
 In howp, Schir, of your adjutory;
 Excess of thocht dois me mischeif.

*To the KING.*

I.

SANCT Salvatour fend silver sorrow;
 It grevis me both evin and morrow,
 Chasing fra me all cheritie;
 It makis me all blythnes to borrow;
 My panefull purs so priclis me.

II.

Quhen I wald blythlie ballattis breif,
 Langour thairto givis me no leif;
 War nocht gud howp my hart uphie,
 My verry corps for cair wald cleif;
 My panefull purs so priclis me.

III.

Quhen I sett me to sing or dance,
 Or go to plesand pastance,

G

Than

Than pausing of penuritie
 Revis that fra my remembrance ;
 My panefull purs so priclis me.

IV.

Quhen men that hes purses in tone,
 Passes to drynk or to disjone,
 Than mon I keip ane gravetie,
 And say that I will fast quhill none ;
 My panefull purs so priclis me.

V.

My purs is maid of sic ane skin,
 Thair will na corfes byd it within ;
 Strait as fra the feynd thay fle,
 Quha evir tyne, quha evir win ;
 My panefull purs so priclis me.

VI.

Had I ane man of ony natioun,
 Culd mak on it ane conjuratioun,
 To gar silver ay in it be,
 The devill suld haif no dominatioun
 With pyne to gar it prickill me.

VII.

I haif inquiryt in mony a place,
 For help and confort in this cace,
 And all men sayis, my Lord, that ye
 Can best remeid for this malice,
 That with sic panis prickills me.

None

.....
 NONE *may* ASSURE *in this* WORLD.

I.

QUHOME to fall I complene my wo,
 And kyth my cairis on or mo ;

I knaw nocht amang riche nor pure,
 Quha is my freind, quha is my fo ;
 For in this world may none assure.

II.

Lord, how fall I my dayis dispone,
 For lang service rewarde is none ;
 And schort my lyfe may heir indure ;
 And lossit is my tyme bygone ;
 Into this world ma none assure.

III.

Oft Falsett rydis with ane rout,
 Quhen Treuth gois on his fute about,
 And lak of spending dois him spur,
 Thus what to do I am in dout ;
 Into this world ma none assure.

IV.

Nane heir bot richemen hes renoun,
 And bot puremen ar pluckit down ;
 And nane bot just men tholis injure,
 Sa wit is blindit and reffoun ;
 Into this world ma none assure.

V.

Vertew the court hes done dispyis,
 Ane rebald to renoun dois ryis,

G 2

And

And cairlis of nobills hes the cure,
 And bumbards bruks the benefyis;
 Into this world ma none assure,

VI.

All gentrice and nobilitie
 Ar passit out of he degre;
 On fredome is laid forfaltour;
 In princis is thair no pety;
 For in this world ma none assure.

VII.

Is none so armit into plait,
 That can fra truble him debait;
 May no man lang in welth indure,
 For wo that evir lyis at the wait;
 Into this world ma none assure.

VIII.

Flattery weiris ane furrit gown,
 And Falsett with the lord dois roun;
 And Treuth stands barrit at the dure,
 And exulit is of the toun;
 Into this world ma none assure.

IX.

Fra everilk mouth fair wirds proceidis,
 In every-hairt disceptioun breids;
 Fra every all gois luke demure,
 Bot fra the handis gois few gud deids;
 Into this world ma none assure.

X.

Toungis now ar maid of quhyte quhaill bone,
 And hairtis are maid of hard flynt stone;

And

And ene of amiable blyth afure,
 And hands of adamant laith to dispone;
 Into this world ma none affure.

XI.

Yit hairt, with hand and body, all
 Mon answer deth quhen he dois call,
 To compt befoir the juge future;
 Sen all ar deid, or than de fall,
 Quha fuld into this world affure?

XII.

Nothing bot deth this schortly cravis,
 Quhair fortoun evir us so diffavis,
 With freyndly smylinge of ane hure,
 Quhais fals behechtis as wind hym wavis;
 Into this world ma none affure.

XIV.

O quha fall weild the wrang possessioun,
 Or the gold gatherit with oppressioun,
 Quhen the angell blawis his bugill sture!
 Quilk unrestorit helpis no confessioun;
 Into this world ma none affure.

XIH.

Quhat help is thair in lordschippis sevin,
 Quhen na hous is bot hell and hevin,
 Palice of licht, or pitt obscure,
 Quhair youlis are hard with horreble stevin;
 Into this world ma none affure.

XV.

*Ubi ardentes animæ,
 Semper dicentes, Ve! Ve! Ve!*

III.

The stait of man dois chainge and vary,
 Now found, now feik, now blyth, now fary,
 Now danfand mirry, now lyk to die;
Timor mortis conturbat me.

IV.

No stait in erd heir standis sicker;
 As with the wind wavis the wicker,
 So waivis this warlds vanitie;
Timor mortis conturbat me.

V.

Unto the deth gois all estaitis,
 Princis, prelattis, and potestaitis,
 Bayth riche and puire of all degre;
Timor mortis conturbat me.

VI.

He taikis the knychtis into the feild,
 Enarmit undir helme and scheild,
 Victor he is at all mellie;
Timor mortis conturbat me.

VII.

That strang unvynfable tirrand
 Taks on the muderis breist fowkand
 The bab, full of benignitie;
Timor mortis conturbat me.

VIII.

He taikis the campioun in the stour,
 The captane clofit in the tour,
 The lady in bour full of bewtie;
Timor mortis conturbat me.

IX.

IX.

He spairis no lord for his pusiens,
 Nor clerk for his intelligens ;
 His awfull straik may no man fle ;
Timor mortis conturbat me.

X.

Art magicianis and astrologis,
 Rethoris, logitianis, theologis,
 Thame helpis no conclusionis fle ;
Timor mortis conturbat me.

XI.

In madecyne the most practitianis,
 Leichis, furigianis, and phesitianis,
 Thame self fra deth ma not supple ;
Timor mortis conturbat me.

XII.

I see the Makkaris amangis the laif
 Playis heir thair padyanis, syne gois to graif,
 Spairit is nocht thair facultie ;
Timor mortis conturbat me.

XIII.

He hes done peteoussie devoir,
 The Noble Chawfer of Makars flowir,
 The monk of Berry, and Gowyr, all thre ;
Timor mortis conturbat me.

XIV.

The gude Schir Hew of Eglintoun,
 Etrik, Heriot, and Wintoun,
 He hes tane out of this cuntrie ;
Timor mortis conturbat me.

XV.

XV.

That scorpioun fell hes done infek
 Maister Johne Clerk, and James Afflek,
 Fra ballat makking and tragedy;
Timor mortis conturbat me.

XVI.

Holland and Barbour he has berevit;
 Allace! that he nocht with us levit
 Sir Mungo Dockhart of the Lie;
Timor mortis conturbat me.

XVII.

Clerk of Tranent eik he hes tane,
 That made the aventers of Sir Gawane,
 Sir Gilbert Gray endit hes he;
Timor mortis conturbat me.

XVIII.

He hes Blind Hary and Sandy Traill-
 Slane with his schot of mortall hail,
 Quhilk Patrick Johnstoun mycht nocht fle;
Timor mortis conturbat me.

XIX.

He hes rest Merfar his indyte,
 That did in luv so lyfly write,
 So schort, so quick, of sentens hie;
Timor mortis conturbat me.

XX.

He hes tane Rowll of Abirdene,
 And gentill Rowll of Corstorphyne;
 Twa bettir fallowis did no man sie;
Timor mortis conturbat me.

XXI.

XXI.

In Dumfermling he hes tane Broun,
 With gude Mr Robert Henryfoun,
 Sir Johne the Rofs imbraist hes he ;

Timor mortis conturbat me.

XXII.

And he hes now tane, last of aw,
 The gentill Stobo and Quintene Schaw,
 Of quhome all wichtis hes pitie ;

Timor mortis conturbat me.

XXIII.

And Mr Walter Kennedy,
 In poyntt of deth lyis verely,
 Grit rewth it wer that so fuld be ;

Timor mortis conturbat me.

XXIV.

Sen he hes all my brethren tane,
 He will nocht let me leif alane,
 On fors I mon his nixt pray be ;

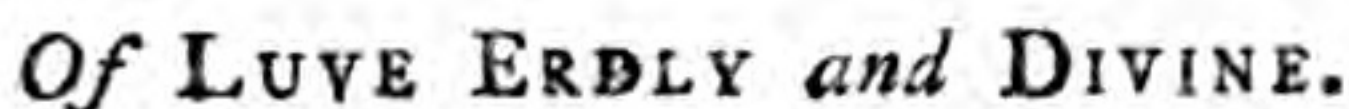
Timor mortis conturbat me.

XXV.

Sen for the deth remeid is non,
 Best is that we for deth dispone,
 Aftir our deth that leif may we ;

Timor mortis conturbat me.

of



NOW culit is Dame Venus brand ;
Trew luvis fyre is ay kindilland,
And I begyn to understand,
In feynit luv quhat folly bene ;
Now cumis aige quhair yowth hes bene,
Ane trew luv ryfis fro the splene.

Quhill Venus fyre be deid and cauld,
Trew luvis fyre nevir burnis bauld ;
Sa as the ta lufe vaxis auld,
The tothir dois increas moir kene ;
Now cumis aige quhair yowth hes bene,
And true luvè ryfis fro the spleene.

No man hes curege for to wryte,
Quhat plesans is in lufe perfyte,
That hes in fenyeit lufe delyt,
Thair kyndnes is so contrair clene;
Now cumis aige quhair yowth hes bene,
And trew lufe ryfis fro the splene.

Full weill is him that may imprent,
Or onywayis his hairt consent,
To turne to trew luvè his intent,

And

And still the quarrell to susteine ;
 Now cumis aigè quhair yowth hes bene,
 And trew luvè ryfis fro the splene.

V.

I haif experience by my fell ;
 In luvis court anis did I dwell,
 Bot quhair I of a joy cowth tell,
 I culd of truble tell fyftene ;
 Now cumis aigè quhair yowth hes bene,
 And trew luvè ryfis fro the splene.

VI.

Befoir quhair that I wes in dreid,
 Now haif I confort for to speid,
 Quhair I had maugre to my meid,
 I trest rewaird and thanks betwene ;
 Now cumis aigè quhair yowth hes bene,
 And trew luvè ryfis fro the splene.

VII.

Quhair lufe wes wont me to displeis,
 Now find I in to lufe grit eis ;
 Quhair I had denger and diseis,
 My breist all confort dois contene ;
 Now cumis aigè quhair yowth hes bene,
 And trew luvè ryfis fro the splene.

VIII.

Quhair I wes hurt with jelosy,
 And wald no luvè wer bot I ;
 Now quhair I lufe I wald all wy,

Als

Als weill as I luvit I wene ;
 Now cumis aige quhair yowth hes bene,
 And trew luve ryfis fro the splene.

IX.

Befoir quhair I durst nocht for schame
 My lufe describe, nor tell hir name ;
 Now think I wirschep wer and fame,
 To all the warld that it war fene ;
 Now cumis aige quhair yowth hes bene,
 And trew luve ryfis fro the splene.

X.

Befoir no wicht I did complene,
 So did her denger me derene ;
 And now I sett nocht by a bene,
 Hir bewty nor hir twa fair ene ;
 Now cumis aige quhair yowth hes bene,
 And trew luve ryfis fro the splene.

XI.

I haif a luve farar of face,
 Quhome in no denger may haif place,
 Quhilk will me guerdoun gif and grace,
 And mercy ay quhen I me mene ;
 Now cumis aige quhair yowth hes bene,
 And trew luve ryfis fro the splene.

XII.

Unquyt I do no thing nor fane,
 Nor wairis a luvis thocht in vane ;
 I sal be als weill luvit agane,

H

Thair

Thair may no jangler me prevene ;
 Now cumis aige quhair yowth hes bene,
 And trew luve ryfis fro the splene.

XIII.

So riche, so rewthfull, and discreit,
 Ane lufe so fare, so gud, so sueit,
 And for the kynd of man so meit,
 Nevir moir fal be, nor yit hes bene ;
 Now cumis aige quhair yowth hes bene,
 And trew luve ryfis fro the splene.

XIV.

Is none sa trew a luve as he,
 That for trew lufe of us did de ;
 He suld be luffit agane, think me,
 That wald sa fane our luve obtene ;
 Now cumis aige quhair yowth hes bene,
 And trew luve ryfis fro the splene.

XV.

Is none but grace of God I wis,
 That can in yowth confiddir this,
 This fals diffavand warlds blis,
 So gydis man in flouris grene ;
 Now cumis aige quhair yowth hes bene,
 And trew luve ryfis fro the splene.

Of



Of the NATIVITIE of CHRYSSTE.

I.

RORATE cæli desuper,

Hevins distill your balmy schouris,
 For now is rissin the brycht day-ster,
 Fro the Rose Mary, flour of flouris :
 The cleir Sone, quhome no clud devouris,
 Surmunting Phebus in the est,
 Is cum (out) of his hevinly touris ;
Et nobis puer natus est.

II.

Archangellis, angellis, and dompnationis,
 Tronis, potestatis, and marteiris feir,
 And all ye hevinly operationis,
 Ster, planeit, firmament, and speir,
 Fyre, erd, air, and wattir cleir,
 To him gife loving, most and lest,
 That come into so meik maneir,
Et nobis puer natus est.

III.

Synnaris be glaid, and pennance do,
 And thank your Makar hairtfully ;
 For he, that ye mycht nocht cum to,
 To yow is cumin full humily,

H 2

YOUR

Your faulis with his blud to by,
 And lous yow of the feindis arrest,
 And only of his awin mercy ;
Pro nobis puer natus est.

IV.

All clergy do to him inclyne,
 And bow unto that barne benyng,
 And do your obfervance devyne,
 To him that is of kingis King ;
 Enfence his altar reid, and fing
 In haly kirk, with mynd degeft,
 Him honouring attour all thing,
Qui nobis puer natus est.

V.

Celestiall fowlis in the are,
 Sing with your nottis upoun hicht ;
 In firthis and in forrestis fair
 Be myrthfull now, at all your mycht,
 For paffit is your dully nycht ;
 Aurora hes the cluddis perft,
 The fon is rifsin with glaidfum lycht.
Et nobis puer natus est.

VI.

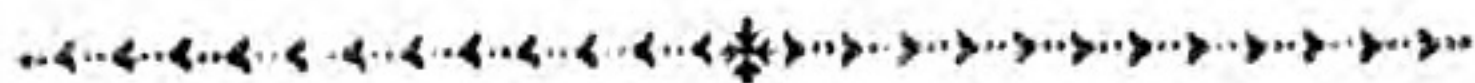
Now spring up flouris fra the rute,
 Revert yow upwart naturaly,
 In honour of the bliffit frute,
 That rais up fro the Rose Mary ;

Lay

Lay out your levis lustely,
 Fro deid tak lyfe now at the lest,
 In wirschip of that Prince wirthy,
Qui nobis puer natus est.

VII.

Syng hevin imperiall most of hicht,
 Regions of air mak armony,
 All fische in flud and foull of flicht,
 Be myrthfull and mak melody ;
 All *gloria in excelsis* cry,
 Hevin, erd, se, man, bird, and best,
 He that is crownit abone the sky,
Pro nobis puer natus est.

*Of the RESURRECTION of CHRYS TE.*

I.

DONE is a battell on the dragon blak,
 Our campoun Chryst confoundit hes his force,
 The yettis of hell ar broken with a crak,
 The signe triumphall rasit is of the croce ;
 The divillis trymmillis with hiddous voce,
 The faulis ar borrowit, and to the blifs can go,
 Chryst with his blud our ranfoms dois indoce ;
Surrexit Dominus de sepulchro.

II.

Dungin is the deidly dragon Lucifer ;
 The crewall serpent with the mortall stang,
 The auld kene tegir with his teith on char,
 Quhilk in a wait hes lyne for us so lang,
 Thinking to grip us in his clowis strang,
 The mercifull Lord wald nocht that it wer so,
 He maid him for to felye of that fang ;
Surrexit Dominus de sepulchro.

III.

He for our sake that sufferit to be flane,
 And lyk a lamb in sacrifice wes dicht,
 Is lyk a lyone rissin up agane,
 And as (a) gyane raxit him on hicht ;
 Springin is Aurora radius and bricht,
 On loft is gone the gloriis Appollo,
 The blisfull day departit fro the nycht ;
Surrexit Dominus de sepulchro.

IV.

The grit victour agane is rissin on hicht,
 That for our querrell to the deth wes woundit ;
 The sone that vox all pail now schynis bricht,
 And dirknes clerit, our fayth is now refoundit ;
 The knell of mercy fra the hevin is foundit,
 The Christins ar deliverit of thair wo,
 The Jewis and thair errour ar confoundit ;
Surrexit Dominus de sepulchro.

V.

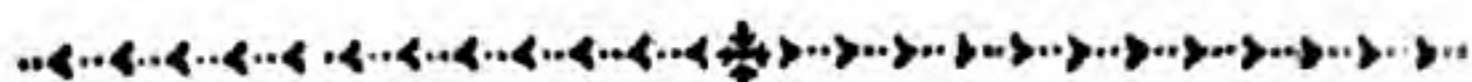
The fo is chafit the battell is done ceis,

The presone brokin, the jevellours fleit and flemit ;
The weir is gon, confermit is the peis,

The fetteris lowfit, and the dungeoun temit,
The ranfoum maid, the prefoneris redemit ;

The feild is won, ourcumin is the fo,
Dispulit of the trefure that he yemit ;

Surrexit Dominus de sepulchro.



ERDLY JOY *returnis in* PANE.

I.

OF Lentrion in the first mornyng,
Airly as did the day up spring,
Thus fang an burd with voce upplane,
All erdly joy returnis in pane.

II.

O man ! haif mynd that thow mon pas,
Remember that thow art bot as,
And fall in as return agane ;
All erdly joy returnis in pane.

III.

Haif mynd that eild ay followis yowth,
Deth followis lyfe with gaipand mowth,
Devoring fruct and flowring grane ;
All erdly joy returnis in pane.

IV.

IV.

Welth, warldly gloir, and riche array,
 Ar all bot thornis laid in thy way,
 Ourcowerd with flouris laid in ane trane ;
 All erdly joy returnis in pane.

V.

Come nevir yit May so fresche and grene,
 Bot Januâr come als wod and kene ;
 Wes nevir sic drowth bot anis come rane ;
 All erdly joy returnis in pane.

VI.

Evirmair unto this warlds joy,
 As nerrest air succeeds noy ;
 Thairfoir quhen joy ma nocht remane,
 His verry air succeedis pane ;

VII.

Heir helth returnis in feiknes,
 And mirth returnis in havines,
 Toun in desert, forrest in plane ;
 All erdly joy returnis in pane.

VIII.

Fredome returnis in wrechitnes,
 And trewth returnis in dowbilnes,
 With fenyeit wirds to mak men fane ;
 All erdly joy returnis in pane.

IX.

Vertew returnis into vyce,
 And honour into avaryce,
 With cuvatyce is consciens flane ;
 All erdly joy returnis in pane.

X.

X.

Sen erdly joy abydis nevir,
Wirk for the joy that leftis evir,
For uder joy is all bot vane ;
All erdly joy returnis in pane.



The TWA LUVES ERDLY and DEVYNE.

I.

IN May as that Aurora did upspring,
With cristall ene chafing the cluddis fable,
I hard a Merle, with mirry notis, sing
A sang of lufe, with voce ryght comfortable,
Agane the orient bemis amiable,
Upone a blisfull brenche of lawryr grene :
This wes hir sentens fueit and delectable,
A lusty lyfe in lues service bene.

II.

Undir this brench ran doun a revir bricht,
Of balmy liquour, cristallyne of hew,
Agane the hevinly aifur fkyis licht ;
Quhair did, upone the tothir syd, perfew
A Nychtingale, with fuggurit notis new,
Quhois angell fedderis as the pacok fchone :
This wes hir fong, and of a fentens trew,
All luve is loft bot upone God allone.

III.

III.

With notis glaid, and gloriuſ armony,
 This joyfull Merle ſo ſaluſt ſcho the day,
 Quhill rong the widdis of hir melody,
 Saying, Awalk ye luvaris o this May;
 Lo freſch Flora heſ flureſt every ſpray,
 As natur heſ hir taucht, the noble Quene,
 The feild bene clothit in a new array,
 A luſty lyfe in luvis ſervice bene.

IV.

Nevir ſueetar noys weſ hard with levand man
 Na maid this mirry gentill Nychtingaill,
 Hir found went with the rever as it ran
 Outthrew the freſche and flureiſt luſty vail:
 O Merle, quoth ſcho, O fule, ſtynt of thy tail,
 For in thy ſong gud ſentens is thair none,
 For boith is tynt, the tyme and the travaill,
 Of every luv bot upone God allone.

V.

Seis, quoth the Merle, thy preching, Nychtingale:
 Sall folk thair yowth ſpend in to holines?
 Of yung ſanctis growis auld feyndis but (fail):
 Fy, ypocreit, in yeiris tendirnes,
 Agane the law of kynd thow gois expreſ,
 That crukit aige makis on with yowth ſerene,
 Quhome natur of conditionis maid dyvers:
 A luſty lyfe in luvſ ſervice bene.

VI.

VI.

The Nychtingall said, Fule, remember the,
 That both in yowth and eild, and every hour,
 The luve of God most deir to man fuld be :
 That him, of nocht, wrocht lyk his awin figour,
 And deit himself fro deid him to succour :
 O quhither wes kythit thair trew lufe or none ?
 He is most trew and steidfast paramour ;
 All luve is lost bot upone him allone.

VII.

The Merle said, Quhy put God so grit bewte
 In ladeis, with sic womanly having,
 Bot gif he wald that thay fuld luvit be ?
 To luve eik natur gaif thame inclyning ;
 And he of natur that wirker wes and king,
 Wald no thing frustrir put, nor lat be sene,
 In to his creature of his awin making :
 A lusty lyfe in luves service bene.

VIII.

The Nychtingall said, Nocht to that behufe
 Put God sic bewty in a ladies face,
 That scho fuld haif the thank thairfoir, or lufe,
 Bot he the wirker, that put in hir sic grace ;
 Of bewty, bontie, riches, tyme, or space,
 And every gudnes that bene to cum or gone,
 The thank redounds to him in every place ;
 All luve is lost bot upone God allone.

IX.

IX.

O Nychtingall, it wer a story nyce
 That lufe fuld nocht depend on cherite :
 And gife that vertew contrair be to vyce,
 Than lufe mon be a vertew, as thinkis me ;
 For ay to lufe invy mone contrair be :
 God bad eik lufe thy nychtbour fro the splene,
 And quho than ladeis suetar nychtbours be ?
 A lusty lyfe in luves service bene.

X.

The Nychtingall said, Bird, quhy dois thow raif?
 Man may tak in his lady sic delyt,
 Him to forget that hir sic vertew gaif,
 And for his hevin raffaif hir cullour quhyt :
 Hir goldin tressit hairis redomyt,
 Lyk to Apollois bemis thocht thay schone,
 Suld nocht him blind fro lufe that is perfyte ;
 All lufe is lost bot upone God allone.

XI.

The Merle said, Lufe is caus of honour ay,
 Lufe makis cowardis manheid to purchas,
 Lufe makis knychtis hardy at assay,
 Lufe makis wrechis full of lergenes,
 Lufe makis fueir folks full of biffines,
 Lufe makis fluggirds fresche and weill besene,
 Lufe changis vyce in vertewis nobilnes ;
 A lusty lyfe in luves service bene.

XII.

XII.

The Nychtingall said, trew is the contrary;
 The frustrir luve it blindis men so far,
 In to thair mynds it makis thame to vary;
 In fals vane glory thay so drunken ar,
 Thair wit is went, of wo they ar nocht war,
 Quhill that all wirchip away be fro thame gone,
 Fame, gudds, and strenth: quhairfoir weill say I dar,
 All luve is lost bot upone God allone.

XIII.

Than said the Merle, Myne errour I confes;
 This frustrir luve all is bot vanite;
 Blind ignorance me gaif sic hardines,
 To argone so agane the varite:
 Quhairfoir I counfall every man, that he
 With lufe nocht in the feindis net be tone,
 Bot luve the luve that did for his lufe de;
 All lufe is lost bot upone God allone.

XIV.

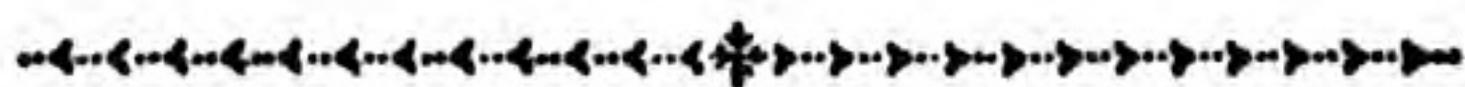
Than sang thay both with vocis lowd and cleir:
 The Merle sang, Man lufe God that hes the wrocht,
 The Nychtingall sang, Man lufe the Lord most deir,
 That the and all this warld maid of nocht;
 The Merle said, Luve him that thy lufe hes socht,
 Fra hevin to erd, and heir tuk flesche and bone;
 The Nychtingall sang, And with his deid the bocht:
 All luve is lost bot upone him allone.

I

XV.

XV.

Thane flaw thir birdis our the bewis schene,
 Singing of lufe amang the levis small;
 Quhois ythand pleid yit maid my thochtis grene,
 Bothe sleping, walking, in rest, and in travall:
 Me to reconfort most it dois awaill
 Agane for lufe, quhen lufe I can find none,
 To think how song this Merle and Nychtingaill,
 All lufe is lost bot upone God allone.

*The CONTEMPLATIOUN of MANIS MORTALITIE.*

I.

MEMENTO homo quod cinis es;

Think, man, thow art bot erd and as;
 Lang heir to dwell na thing thow pres,
 For as thow come, so fall thow pas,
 Lyk as ane schaddow in ane glafs.

Syne glydis all thy tyme that heir is,
 Think, thocht thy bodye ware of bras,
Quod tu in cinerem reverteris.

II.

Worthye Hector and Hercules,
 Fortys Achill, and strong Sampfone,
 Alexander of grit nobilnes,
 Meik David, and fair Absolone,

Hes

Hes playit thair pairtis, and all are gone,
 At will of God, that all thing steiris;
 Think, man, exceptioun there is none,
Sed tu in cinerem reverteris.

III.

Thocht now thow be maist glaid of cheir,
 Fairest and plesandest of port,
 Yet may thow be, within ane yere,
 Ane ugsum, uglye tramort;
 And sen thow knowis thy tyme is schort,
 And in all houre thy lyfe in weir is,
 Think, man, amang all uthir sport,
Quod tu in cinerem reverteris.

IV.

Thy lustye bewte, and thy youth,
 Sall feid as dois the somer flouris,
 Syne fall the swallow with his mouth
 The dragone death, (that all devouris.)
 No castell fall the keip, nor touris,
 Bot he fall feik the with thy feiris;
 Thairfore remember at all houris,
Quod tu in cinerem reverteris.

V.

Thocht all this warld thow did possaid,
 Nocht eftir death thow fall posses,
 Nor with the tak, but thy gud deid,
 Quhen thow dois fro this warld the dres:

So speid the, man, and the confes,
With humill hart and fobir teiris,
And sadlye in thy hart impres,
Quod tu in cinerem reverteris.

VI.

Thocht thow be taklit nevir so sure,
Thow fall in deathis port arrayve,
Quhare nocht for tempest may indure,
Bot ferle all to speiris (dryve ;)
Thy Ransomer, with woundis fyve,
Mak thy plycht-anker, and thy steiris,
To hald thy faule with him on lyve,
Cum tu in cinerem reverteris.

F I N I S .



